

THE
NASSAU
Literary
MAGAZINE.

~~MARCH.~~

July 1877

ἐνθα βουλαὶ μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀμειλλαι
καὶ χοροὶ καὶ Μοῖσαι καὶ Ἀγλαΐα.

CONDUCTED
BY THE SENIOR CLASS,
PRINCETON COLLEGE.

1878.

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS :

A. D. ANDERSON, N. J.,
PRESTON BARR, Pa.,
W. L. GEER, N. Y.,
H. S. JOHNSON, Minn.,

G. W. KRETSINGER, Cal.,
H. MARQUAND, N. Y.,
W. S. McEACHRON, N. Y.,
J. R. VAN BENSCHOTEN, Conn.

W. W. LAWRENCE, Pa., TREASURER.

Vol. XXXIII.

JULY, 1877.

No. 1.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY, BY PRESTON BARR, '78, OF PA.

It becomes us, in the light of certain majestic principles in historical science, to lay aside all thought of bitterness in speaking of unbelieving times. These are far from meriting our denunciation in a spirit of uncharitable rancor. Rather regret is due for the lamentable abuses which rendered such movements necessary. It is ours to profit by all their warning voices, and to remember that when the world deserves such times it will have them. Their reckless and tumultuous energy is requisite to clear away the rubbish made by huge rotten structures of old superstitions as they tumble down.

It is impossible to contemplate the "slow and grievous agony of olden France" without astonishment at the amazing swiftness with which the French mind rebounded from the old spiritual bondage, when once it had received the impulse. Fontenelle with his expiring breath seemed to perceive the rapidly forming current of opinion whose on-rushing tide was to sweep away the old order of society with resistless might.

He died the last of the giants of the olden time; but a race of new athletes was already crowding the arena. An extraordinary movement of minds was begun. The enthusiastic intellects of the rising generation were intoxicated with a flood of new and fermenting ideas. Montesquieu was abroad in the domain of politics. Buffon shone resplendent in the midst of nature. The sun of the natural sciences was blazing up the eastern slope with unexampled glory. A wild and lawless liberalism took the place of cold incredulity. Pure atheism began to lift its unabashed forehead. Condillac and D'Holbach were carrying sensualistic and materialistic philosophy to their farthest conclusions. Diderot, D'Alembert, Helvetius were hurrying forward the tumultuous leaguer of the Encyclopedia, and the whole undisciplined, eager host was commanded by that Briareus of philosophy and letters—Voltaire.

It was at this point, when minds were drifting toward chaos, when the moral world was trembling on its foundations, when the family—religion—all that the heart of man holds sacred, seemed destined to speedy annihilation, that the human conscience uttered its imperative and solemn protest. It voiced itself most strangely. Never was such great idea so singularly articulated. Those ominous flashings and subtle playings of electric forces in the realm of ideas had hitherto portended naught but the black storm of events which began already to loom above the horizon; but a furious moral tempest was about to break within the ranks of the innovators themselves. The great movement was no longer to flow down in a smooth and undivided stream. Rousseau had appeared. He was to do battle single-handed against the whole battalion.

It is no ordinary task to frame an accurate judgment concerning such a phenomenon as Rousseau. His genius and character stubbornly elude all verbal formulas. No single unqualified proposition will ever suffice for the varied and

seemingly incongruous elements of such a nature. Only when we have thoroughly and profoundly studied his great works, and attended to the facts of his life and times with patient care, can we approximate an exact and comprehensive estimate. We shall find our opinions modified as well as our pains rewarded with every step of such deliberate investigation. Above all it is requisite in viewing him that every feeling, every sentiment, as well as every faculty, be kept in active and earnest exercise. In proportion as we enter into his spirit and appreciate his feelings, will our measurement of him be correct. Two pages of Thomas Carlyle render more substantial justice to Rousseau than as many volumes of a biographer who does not believe in God. We shall here seek to know him mainly in the light of the permanent influences which he sent forth and of the work which he accomplished.

The facts of his early life are important in order to a right understanding of the work which gives him the greatest claim upon posterity. Born on the shores of the largest lake, at the foot of the highest mountains of Europe,—“where the Rhone hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a throne,”—in the renowned city of Calvin, protestant, republican Geneva, and brought up in a pure and pious home, he imbibed that intense love for the sublime spectacles of nature, and those deep religious instincts and traditional principles of liberty, which were one day to lend to his works their charm and power. His scanty education was of the most injudicious kind. The exaggerated sensibility of his morbid nature should have been toned and balanced by the cultivation of practical good sense: It was heightened by the unrestrained perusal of Mediæval romances and ancient legends. Thus begun, his life grew into one consuming flame of intense feeling. He acquired no right notions of life and the world. He never formed any conception of the practical relation and positive value of things. Left defenseless to his imagination he lived entirely within himself and the little romantic world

which himself had created. With such a temperament the young Jean Jacques suddenly received his angry dismissal from the primitive Eden. At the age of twelve, the "golden gates of childhood" closed mercilessly behind him and he drifted forth a homeless wanderer, without fixed principles, to receive the lessons of suffering which the stern world has to impose.

His first contact with reality forms the most singular tale of restless adventure and vagabondism that was ever penned. The particular fact is worthy our notice, that while the would be giant exponents of atheistic and other Eighteenth Century propaganda were luxuriating in the vicious circle of voluptuous Parisian society, and expanding their powers in the practice of literature, this poor Rousseau, the great apostle of the reaction against all that, and who was shortly to fall among them like a blazing projectile, bringing consternation and divisions, was as yet the most worthless of rustic vagrants, tramping through Switzerland, Italy, and France, picking up a precarious living by such poor methods as he could and seeking lodgment oft in the niche of garden terraces with the sparkling canopy for a covering. He was receiving a different training from that of books—taking his degree in the great school of life; and such a life was in perfect harmony with the temper of Rousseau. It gave him ample scope for the indulgence of his passionate fondness for nature. It afforded freedom of expansion to his sensuous imagination; and never did mortal possess this to such a degree. He abandoned himself to the multitude of impressions and floated deliciously on a boundless sea of sensation. Poverty, hunger and weariness were all forgotten in the delight of his dreams. His supreme happiness was to wander among black woods, torrents, mountains, precipices, and to plunge into the wilderness of his chimeras over rugged roads with foaming cascades and adorable landscapes about him. "How many unknown poems gushed from his soul, and were wafted away beyond recall by

the winds of the Alps with the clouds of heaven! what torrents of imagination and of passion, which suffer only a few distant echoes to reach us through the thickets of Clarens and the rocks of Meillerie!" But, it may be added, those echoes are still enrapturing. He was at home in nature. She was to him a tender mother on whose soft bosom his highest bliss was to recline. He entertained no awful thoughts about this mysterious life, and perplexed himself with none of its terrible enigmas. His ideal however became completely altered; and instead of the old dreams of knight-errantry and grandeur, he began to have those thoughts of perfection and blessedness of life which he was the first to impress upon the imagination of literary Europe. He saw much of the lives of the poor and the wrongs they suffered, and he conceived the first germ of his "inextinguishable hatred against the vexations which harass the common people and against their oppressors."

But his extraordinary susceptibility to sensuous beauty, although the root within him of much softness and defilement of heart, was yet leading him up, as a stepping stone, to the sense of a higher beauty, giving him conceptions of the infinite. Thus at Les Charmettes: "While walking I offered up my prayers, with sincere elevation of heart to the great Author of delightful nature whose beauties were so charmingly spread out before me. I never love to pray in a chamber; it seems as if the walls and all the little workmanship of man interposed between God and myself; I love to contemplate him in his works which raise my thoughts, and elevate my soul to Him." Other famous passages indicative of his religious feelings at this time abound in the Confessions.

Imagine the effect upon this child of nature with his sensitive fibre of austere Genevan reverence, when transplanted by fortune and waywardness into the vitiated atmosphere of Paris. He was shocked and outraged at the flippant mockeries of the wits who encircled D'Holbach's dinner table. He beheld with a disgust and exasperation beyond endurance the

practical abnegation of all the manners and traditions which he held dear. Nobody was in earnest. Every man's philosophy seemed but a coat of many colors put on to shine in, but forming no part of the man's life or proper self. With all this vague irritation against a fastidious and morally depraved community he recollected his sympathy with nature and simple manners, his sufferings, the miseries of the common people, and the hateful tyranny of priestcraft. It was a momentous hour for Europe when, on the road to visit Diderot in the dungeon at Vincennes, that renowned newspaper item stirred up all the smouldering fire within him into fiercest blaze.

"Has the revival of the arts and sciences contributed to purify morals?" asked the Academy. The only earnest man in France essayed to answer; and in that the human conscience found a tongue however incoherent its first cries. The mad plunge of French philosophy, whose fair-seeming fruit proved but the ashes of licentiousness and crime in the mouths of men, was doing violence to a side of human nature which must give it pause. The inconsistent epicurean deism of Voltaire exercised no restraint over the pantheistic Diderot, the materialism of D'Holbach nor the worse than Utilitarian ethics of Helvetius. But there is that in the deep spirit of man which will rise in rebellion against all such chaos, and Rousseau came to personate the revolt. The secret of the spell so inconceivable to us now in which he held the Europe of his time, is found in the vivid expression of burning sensibility, the spirit of intense conviction, and in such a faculty of self-impersonation in his writings as is found in none other of the children of men. His ideas are not projections from him, but the open revelation of sacred, unbeheld communions, instinct and breathing with his living self. Of all authors he preeminently wrote "with his heart's blood." "*Les grandes pensées du cœur*" said the young regent of France. But the sensitive spirit of Vauvenargues was to live more effectively in the fiery soul of Jean Jacques. The fervor of the moral sentiment in

him, and the unreserved disclosure of his most hidden feelings, commanded profound and universal sympathy, and touched the hearts of mankind with love of virtue and the things of the spirit.

It was more by his tone than by his logic that he restored men to earnestness. His ideas are less distinctly articulated in the "Discourses" than elsewhere. His impetuous disposition led him into an elaborated over-statement of the truth he strove to utter; and the whole is an earnest feeling after a greater truth perceived but dimly. What he really said and meant was (1) "that virtue without science is better than science without virtue," "the subordination of all activity to social aims and duties;" and (2) that the artificial differences of condition flowing from the social pact were disproportionate to those arising from natural endowments. His exaggerated protest against the evil tendency of society toward extreme inequality resulted in much error, and in great injustice to Rousseau. He is responsible for the extreme of Socialism in the same sense only in which Locke is responsible for pure materialism. The noble rage which inspired the Discourses accounts for all his hyperboles. He does not deny the lawfulness of social order once established. Shortly after his violent outcry against the evils introduced with the notion of property he speaks in the "Encyclopædia" of the right of property with profound respect; and in "Emile" he makes the idea of property the basis of all education. The "Social Contract" abandoned the extreme propositions of the "Discourses."

It is only by attending to the general spirit of this man that we can perceive the grand unity of his thought with all its real modifications and apparent contradictions. In truth what are all his sophisms and faults of method but "the blinkard dazzlement and staggerings to and fro of a man sent on an errand he is too weak for, by a path he cannot yet find?" Yet there is in these "Discourses" "a spark of real heavenly fire." It gleams out at intervals through them both, and waxes

to a genuine glow at the close of the first. "The true philosophy is to commune with one's self and to listen to the voice of conscience in the silence of the passions." His genius was to burn with a purer flame when he next spoke.

Seven years after this crisis of heroism at Paris, the ecstatic moods and fervid trances at Montmorency, and the storms of his heart at the Hermitage, brought out the "New Heloise." "Neither virtue nor morals any longer exist in Europe," he had said, "but if any love of them exists it is to be found at Paris." An unbounded enthusiasm, scarce credible to us, greeted the appearance of the novel. The cord which Rousseau knew how to touch responded with powerful vibrations; and the decaying heart of France began to thrill once more with worthy thoughts. Although there is a vein of sensuality in the book which renders it unhealthful now; yet its effects amid the reeking disorders of a society which read nothing but such impish productions as "La Pucelle" and "Crébillon" was in the highest degree elevating. It was no sickly tale of subjective broodings, but a fascinating story presenting the lesson of duty in an affecting, yet practical and wholesome manner. In its lofty religious conclusions, its exaltation of the family, and its vivid portraiture of domestic virtues, we recognize the beginning of the moral renovation of France.

The tendency of the whole century had been toward the worst abuse of reason by assigning it the supreme place, to the exclusion of all feeling. This critical spirit, analyzing everything but feeling nothing, did not furnish the right sort of food for the deep instincts, affections, longings of the human heart. Rousseau, with the genius of French thought, gravitated toward the opposite pole and substituted emotion for understanding. He threw himself with ardor upon the feelings, in which religious and moral convictions have their strongest root and power, and loudly exclaimed against the innovators, who in professing to free the human mind, were robbing it of its most glorious and consolatory attributes.

This division of the great movement between such forces, radical and oppugnant though they were, was better than not to have awakened sentiment at all. Better that such influences should balance each other, though in hostile relation, than that either should run riot without any salutary check from the other. Rousseau, however, became conscious of the evil resulting from the opposition between two elements that should work harmoniously, and strove with very partial success to reconcile them. "The Savoyard Vicar" was intended to bring the principles of a sound philosophy into equal alliance with what he considered the grand essentials of Christianity. "Our sensations are passive, but our ideas arise from an active principle." Thereupon he combats materialism: "Can there be more in the effect than there is in the cause?" He argues the necessity of a first cause of force and motion in matter—a sole intelligence—the omnipotent will of a free Being which moves the universe and animates nature. Man is free, and the soul is immortal: "I cannot apprehend how the soul, a simple being can die." He strenuously upholds the goodness and benevolence of the Providential government. He then discourses upon the authority of conscience, "an innate principle of justice and virtue, independent of experience, the basis of all our judgments in spite of ourselves," yet "whose immediate acts are not judgments but feelings," and which "never deceives us." All this has a fine artistic setting of romance and is aided by all that impassioned eloquence could bring to captivate the imagination and move the heart. After that sublime testimony of his, to the Gospel and its Author, placed by him above all books and all men, he concludes: "Keep your soul in a state always to desire that there should be a God and you will never doubt that there is one. Avoid proud unbelief like blind fanaticism. Dare to confess God among the philosophers; dare to preach humanity to the intolerant: you will be alone on your side perhaps—no matter—say what is true, do what is right: the most import-

ant thing to man is to fulfill his duties here upon earth, and it is in forgetting himself that he labors for himself."

Can we wonder that multitudes who were famishing in bleak wastes of speculation, or thirsting amid arid sands of dead and decomposing dogma, hailed with joy this limpid fountain of living waters gushing up fresh and strong from the unseen deeps of the spirit? Rousseau's deism may not be sufficient in itself; but he triumphantly maintains the great necessary truths—the immortal soul, the authority of conscience, and God in conscience. His sphere of activity may seem narrowly restricted, but there are times when it is necessary for the human mind to concentrate its energies; when in order to combat materialism and scepticism it must plant itself upon certain axiomatic and eternal principles. This Prophet of France in the Eighteenth Century wasted none of his forces in that evil time upon the already abandoned and defenseless outworks of faith, but prudently retired within the impregnable citadel of fundamental truth and calmly secured it until the storm swept by.

"Emile" of which this eloquent "Profession" is but an episode, was the first crude outline of those great ideas upon education, scarce yet crystallized into formulas, with which some of the greatest minds of Europe have since been engaged in polishing and harmonizing into system. Pestalozzi was the legitimate offspring of Rousseau; and Kant, Fichte, Richter and a host of great names, have drawn their inspiration upon this subject directly from him. This, the greatest of all his works, marks the closing of twelve years of inspiration, which had been like the giving of a new gospel to Europe. The history of his influence during the remainder of the century is almost the history of the French Revolution. He was its great Evangelist. The huge revolutionary engine was built by other hands, but Rousseau's fire was needed to give it energizing might.

Of the most repulsive feature of our subject, his personality, little need now be said. We who have our own lives to lead will gain little either from denouncing or condoning the moral obliquities of one whose situation we can very imperfectly appreciate. The great sophism with him seems to have been in making his morality to consist chiefly in his relations with others. For wrongs against others, which he endeavored to expiate by an heroic confession, his remorse was poignant and lasting; whilst his many sins against himself gave him small trouble. The unfortunate circumstances of his youth explain and excuse without justifying the faults of the first portion of his life, and the strange frenzy of his later years; whilst the earnest struggle of his manhood against the inner demons of temptation received no countenance nor help from the horribly corrupt and debasing character of contemporary manners. Surely no history could be more sad than his. His motherless infancy, his constant sufferings from an incurable malady, the injustice and cruelty which crushed and soured his pure and sensitive moral organization, the keen sorrows of his private life, the bitterness of public persecution, and the scenes of squalid misery amid which his life mysteriously went out—these make a life-story which, with all its dark passages, demands our largest charity and our profoundest pity.

The passions of different factions have occasioned great injustice to the true merit of Rousseau. His religious opinions raised a storm of wrath in the breasts of all fanatics. Had he avowed himself an atheist he could not have been persecuted with more asperity by blood thirsty Jesuits; whilst by the philosophers he was regarded with more angry aversion than if he had promulgated an orthodox polemic; later he was subjected to obloquy through the misrepresentations of Communists, and at present some sentimental enthusiasts of his country seek to place him, as a logical thinker, by the side of Descartes. This latter is faulty conception rather than audacity of panegyric. Descartes looked out over all realms through

the clear light of reason, which he shed upon all things and all men. Rousseau viewed nature through the flaming medium of an impassioned imagination—himself a sort of powerful lens concentrating and imparting more of heat than light. That "Descartes recalled the mind to itself—Rousseau recalled the soul thither" is true; but Rousseau is not a bold original investigator within province of speculative energy. Rather is he a surpassingly eloquent popular writer "who," in the words of Mirabeau, "spoke as he thought, wrote as he spoke, lived as he wrote, and died as he had lived."

The world is approaching a calmer period when men can frame unbiassed judgments concerning that Eighteenth Century and its actors. We are but beginning to apprehend the results of the great revolution, in their full significance. Its restless waves of sceptical thought have not yet ceased to trouble the face of the waters; but there are signs in the heavens and upon the great wide horizons of the religious future which inspire the hope that a reign of bright peace will one day dawn upon a regenerated and believing race. Such a future, in contemplating the throes in which this new order of things was born will not forget to reverence the hero, who from out the smoke and ruin of the past, brought away the gods, the eternal verities, to be set up henceforth and worshipped forevermore in the great temple of the world.

A VACATION TRIP TO CUBA.

The people assembled in the cabin of the "Clyde" on the afternoon of Dec. 23rd, 1876, dispelled, at once, our bright vision of the jolly, genial throng that we had expected to accompany us on our voyage to Cuba. We had looked for rather a large exodus to the South, and the smallness of the

number was a great disappointment. Repeated experiments have verified for us the old truth, that anticipation is pleasanter than realization. At any rate such is our conclusion as far as sea voyages go.

The first morning out is a critical period in one's life at sea. If he pass it safely he need have no further apprehension. It is proper to state here that our party consisted of three, whom we will designate as E, H, and K.

On this first morning E went to the table, and ate a hearty breakfast. Apropos of this statement, it may be well to acquaint the reader with the fact that E, at one time of his life, had "sailed on the lake." The Steward inquired if he meant Central Park lake. We said he ate a hearty breakfast. O, wasn't he happy! Didn't he brag to H? "Why don't you go to the table," he said to K. But the sequel—either the gastric juice failed to perform its proper function, or E concluded he was too unhappy with a ship's breakfast, for soon after K heard a sound from the state room, which filled him with alarm. He hurried to the scene. Out of respect for the breakfast we will say no more. E afterwards said that he struggled hard to go through the ordeal in a silent and dignified manner, but failed. This, however, was not all. Not long after K brought up from the pantry a piece of fat pork with a string tied to it. This he kindly invited E and H to swallow, guaranteeing that if they would allow him to pull it up again they would be permanently cured of sea-sickness. E is not, by nature, polemic, but he gave K fair warning that unless he ceased those pressing invitations and removed that pork, there would be a scene. We know of no other event that enlivened the voyage unless it be that of K's celebrated sermon on "Goldsmith's Animated Nature, Ah!" which he delivered for the sole benefit of the Stewardess. It was a huge success, and K had extra blankets the rest of the voyage.

On the morning of the sixth day we sighted land. With what keen interest did we look upon grim Morro Castle, as it

rose up before us, with its yellow walls, parapets, and tall light-house. Without challenge we entered the harbor of Havana. The appearance of the city, to one sailing up the beautiful bay, is not calculated to produce a favorable impression. The houses are of a vile color, and are low and dirty; the streets are narrow and crooked. As soon as the steamer dropped anchor the runners, from the different hotels, came alongside in their large row-boats. Our first ride in Havana was intensely interesting. The day was beautiful, and the various and strange objects that we saw as we rode along the different streets, caused us to break out again and again with expressions of wonderment and delight.

At the hotel we chose a large room with three beds. The floor was of white marble; the rafters were bare and twenty-five feet at least, in height. Mosquitoes abounded and, as we had conceived a deadly hatred for the stock in Jersey, each of us when about to retire lit a fine "Havana," and then crept under the netting. The bed was composed of a canvas stretcher, two sheets and a pillow which felt like a sand bag. O, the groaning and tossing we did on those canvas beds! Early in the morning we went to the baths. They are so cut out of the solid rock that the waves of the Gulf Stream wash in and out of them. The temperature of the water was delightful. During the winter the baths are seldom used, and as our linen waved in the morning air, it attracted the attention of some Cubans, who perhaps thought that their washing had been left out over night. What might have been the result we cannot say, had we not started the Princeton cheer, at the sound of which the objects of our terror fled. After the baths came breakfast. In the dining room we found cool marble floors, white-robed tables laden with fruit, gently swaying curtains, ladies in morning toilet, and lottery-ticket venders outside the windows, for the dining room was on the first floor of the hotel. All agreed that we had never tasted such oranges, and, needless to say, the plate was soon emptied.

Now none of us knew what "orange" was in Spanish, so we made a word and called for "*Foranges*." The waiter looked puzzled and shook his head, then we pointed to the peels and cried "more," he caught the idea and we were soon supplied.

In the afternoon we drove to the Cathedral of St. Ignatius where Columbus lies buried. The Cathedral is a quaint old structure with a tower at each corner. Its interior must at one time have been magnificent. It is still grand and majestic, although decay is everywhere visible. There is a floor of variegated marble; there are tall pillars and delicate masonry, while on every hand the remains of exquisite frescoing attract the eye. We wandered through the great building but saw nothing that looked like the tomb of Columbus. Our anxiety vanished when we met a priest—of course a priest would understand Latin. We scratched our heads and tried to think what the Latin word for "tomb" was. We longed then for our Fresh. tutor. At length the sentence was prepared, and H with a profound bow said: "*Noster pater, ubi sarcophagus Christopho Columbo est?*" The priest smiled, and, addressing us in English, said he would show us with the greatest pleasure. We were taken within the choir and were pointed to a simple white marble slab, placed in the wall, on which was written: "Here lies the body of the great Columbus. A thousand years may he rest in the silent urn, and in the remembrance of the Western Nation."

On the following day, having secured a permit from the Captain General, we visited the Presidio or Chain Gang. We were escorted through the building by the Superintendent, who gave us much valuable information. The Chain Gang contains twenty-five hundred men, one thousand of whom were then in the interior, digging trenches and performing other tasks of war. A large majority of the prisoners are Chinamen and negroes. They are imprisoned for murder, theft, or running away from their masters. No person could look upon the wretched crowd without experiencing the

deepest sympathy for them. One might read "despair" on every countenance. Once placed there they are seldom released. Each man had an iron band riveted around his waist; to this were attached chains which were again fastened around his ancles, thus leaving his arms and body perfectly free. Eating, sleeping or working the chains are never taken off, and often the blood trickling down from the cut and bruised limbs marks the path of the slave. Is it a wonder that many Chinamen take their own lives? They believe that the soul snatched from the chained body flies over the sea and uniting with the spirits of former friends is again happy. As we entered the shops the prisoners stopped work, stood up and uncovered their heads, and as we retired the clanking of their chains indicated that they had again resumed their tasks.

We had heard a good deal of the "Grande Circus de Colon," so one evening we visited the place. The exterior was gorgeous, but the interior a fraud. The show consisted of two horses, four men, and two women. Two of the men and one woman were negroes, and one of the horses was black, the other white. No distinction on account of color in that circus. Nothing exciting occurred until the white woman, a celebrated gymnast, appeared. She climbed a rope, twisted it around one limb and let herself slide slowly to the ground. This so excited H that he jumped off his seat. While making a grand effort on the trapeze she fell into the saw-dust; no bones were broken but E expressed an audible sympathy.

She performed so well that all the boys called out "*Orino! Orino!*"—literally translated, "More! More!" Some of her blue ribbon had caught in the ropes and when the performance was over K brought it with him as relic for the Museum.

To see Havana properly one must visit the celebrated Tacon Opera House. It is the great resort of the ladies, and is, in fact, the only place where they can display their beautiful dresses. For a lady to go abroad during the day would be a violation of all decency and etiquette. The interior of

the Tacon presents a rather bare appearance when compared with some of our beautiful places of amusement. They have at this Opera House a custom that struck us with no little astonishment. Between the acts the gentlemen either retire to the refreshment rooms or occupy their time in gazing through the blinds, which compose the box-doors, upon the ladies within. But that which gave us the greatest shock was to see the gentlemen going behind the scenes. To say that we were caught in the crowd and carried along until we found ourselves behind the curtain, would be only telling the truth. To any of our readers who have not trod the boards between the acts we would simply say that when the drop is down it is an extremely social place.

On Saturday morning at five o'clock we took the cars for Matanzas. As we rushed on through suburban towns lined with beautiful groves, through rich farms and around the base of rolling mountains, the sensations were, indeed, inspiring. The rising sun gilded the mountains with a sheet of gold; descended upon palm trees clothed with the brilliant verdure of the tropics; lighted up farm houses and fields of sugar cane, stretching farther than the eye could reach, until all the earth was aglow. It was such a sight as we had never witnessed before. One thing, however, threw a pall over the scene,—thus early, a band of slaves were at work in a cane field, the driver standing over them with his long whip, rifle and dogs.

We reached Matanzas about nine o'clock, drove to a hotel, and, while breakfast was being prepared, wandered through the building. I discovered that two little darkies were killing chickens in the court-yard and nothing would do but he must witness the operation. He said it brought back the memory of childhood's days. The hotel was kept by an American family, but entirely on Cuban principles—prices included. When the vile meal was over *volantes* were waiting at the door to carry us to the "Cuveas de Bellamar," or cave of the Beautiful Sea. After a delightful ride past tasteful villas,

placed in the midst of flower gardens such as are to be seen only in a tropical country, and along the edge of the beautiful bay, we arrived at the entrance of the cave. Three guides with long candles led the way. The cave runs under ground for several miles, but after about two miles becomes too small to explore with any comfort. When K tried to break off some pieces of stalactite one of the guides growled; but the Sophomore was equal to the emergency. He actually gave the fellow a whole five cent piece, and then was allowed to carry on his operations at pleasure. He brought home some pretty specimens, which, with two relics of the Chicago fire, are on exhibition at his room.

After exploring the cave we drove to the valley of the Yumwri, and stood on the summit of one of the surrounding hills. The valley deserves its celebrity. Completely hemmed in by high, rounded, hills, adorned with palm trees, and cocoa and banana groves; rich in tropical fruits and flowers, it is really beautiful.

On our return to Havana, in company with a friend, we visited a sugar estate. The gate is kept by a slave and no person is allowed inside without a pass; but our friend, being well acquainted with the administrator, led us in, only casting a frown upon the old guard, when asked for the pictured admittance ticket. The old negro followed us all the way to the Administrator's house, and there explained how we got in. He was simply sent back to his post. When we passed out he took off his hat and said, "Pardon me, my owners, but I was afraid I would get the lash, so I followed you." The old creature was delighted with the few pennies we threw into his hat. At the mill we were shown the entire process of making sugar. We went through the negro quarters. It is a large square enclosure surrounded by a high wall; against this on the inside the hovels are built, facing a garden neatly kept. It was breakfast hour, ten o'clock, and two hard biscuits with some pressed Brazilian beef,—horrid stuff,—were dealt out to

ERRATUM.--Read Romolino for Romolina.

each person. The small children were collected on a piazza, and were, almost without exception, naked. They were at first bashful, but after awhile became so bold that they actually ran to put their arms around E's neck and kiss him. H made them run races for pennies and then tried to teach them the Westminster Catechism, and K gave them a fatherly benediction and some five cent pieces. After cutting some cane to eat and to carry back with us, we returned, pleased and instructed, to the city.

Next day after bidding good bye to friends and getting some "dulces sweets," as H called them, from Dominique's, with a good deal of regret we said farewell to Cuba. Once more on board the cheerful "Clyde" and among her gentlemanly officers we sped on our way to New York.

MARIA LAETITIA ROMOLINA.

From time to time comets have flamed in the heavens of the world's history as in the natural heavens their entrance and exit have startled the students of celestial science. We do not wonder that the ancients ascribed good or evil influence to these bodies; that their fiery trains were to them the glittering autograph of the Fates, signing the warrant of an empire's doom. Across humanity's sky there have been written in blood and fire the signatures of tremendous, overpowering ambitions, of minds which came from the blackness of obscurity, dazzled and alarmed by their fiery splendor, and perished in the darkness of misfortune. Such was Napoleon. We can hardly imagine the hero of France a child, he sprang full grown on the stage of History. But this terrible captain was born of woman; this stern mind was swayed by woman's tenderness and love. Corsican annals afford a pleasing picture

of the Emperor's childhood; the "scourge of Europe" is here the innocent babe; the face which seemed ever to wear the shadow of the battle smoke is here upturned for the mother's kiss; the hand which wrote the fate of kingdoms confides its weakness to the grasp of the mother's hand.

History tells but little of this mother; it has been prodigal enough in commendation and condemnation of the son. It has, as usual, overlooked the source of that character which is at once the most fascinating and terrible the world has ever seen. If the biographies of the mothers of great men could be written, the world would have the best estimate of their sons; to understand truly anything of Napoleon we seek the meagre facts of the history of Lactitia Romolino.

Of her early life we know little; of a noble family, she brought to her brave husband the precious treasure of womanly refinement and beauty. Her first years of married life were passed amid the confusions of a civil war. Not willing to leave her husband, she accompanied him on his marches, Joseph Bonaparte being then a babe. By her bravery and beauty she won the hearts of the soldiery, who were justly proud of their commander's wife. An incident will show her presence of mind and determined daring. At a river crossing, the Corsican army having partly crossed over, it was necessary for Madame Bonaparte to swim her horse across the stream. On entering the water, the animal lost his footing and was in danger of being carried down by the violence of the current, against which he could make no headway. The lady's condition was indeed perilous: she held in her arms the infant Joseph, and both were in danger of being thrown from the saddle and drowned. The soldiers on the opposite bank, perceiving the danger, shouted to her to throw herself from the horse, running into the water to swim to her rescue. Knowing that she would thus purchase her own safety at the cost of her child's life, holding firmly the infant with one hand, and grasping the reins with the other, she encouraged her

horse to renewed exertions, and both escaped to the bank. After Paoli's departure from Corsica, her husband was honored with a responsible and lucrative position in the government, and settled at Ajaccio, Napoleon's birth-place, there to enjoy a respite from war and confusion. Here we are told the mother perceived the peculiar temperament and genius of the boy and watched most assiduously the development of his character. Lucien Bonaparte, her brother-in-law, was one of her household and aided her by his counsel. We know little of the scenes of Napoleon's childhood. His mother's training was simple, severe, just, and vigilant. Nothing escaped her, none but the highest aims and thoughts were allowed to find lodgment in her children's minds. To the neglect of milder traits and tastes, the most austere points of character were developed; he was educated a "hero of Plutarch." The Emperor first learned to obey; the spirit which ruled Europe was subject first to the command of a mother. She "hated falsehood;" she despised covert and insidious means: she would have her son bold and open in action.

When Corsica came under British rule, Laetitia was obliged to seek refuge, and passed some years at Marseilles in poverty and obscurity. When the lieutenant of artillery became Consul and Emperor, he did not forget his mother, "Madame Mère" had her magnificent court and shared her son's elevation. In nothing do we see more clearly her strength of character than in prosperity. Too wise to be raised to undue elevation at her son's success; too calm to be overcome by sudden distinction; too majestic in the innate grandeur of a queenly womanhood to be terror-struck by the gaze of the world, she contrasted with the tinsel of thrones the diamond of that beauty and brilliancy of soul for which the graceful and dignified form was but a worthy casket. In the contrast could have been read the eternity of mind and character, the infirmity of things material.

The grandest, the saddest scene of her life closes her career. After Napoleon had become a fugitive, she made her home at Rome with Cardinal Fesch, a step-brother. There, where the queen of a great empire had seated herself on her seven-hilled throne, *this* queen whose children had held the seven hills of Europe passed in quiet the last days of an eventful life. The blazing comet had consumed itself: the star paled only before eternity's morning.

An attempt to trace the influence of Laetitia on the politics of her time would be a rehearsal of Napoleon's career. We are not aware that she left an impress on the literature of the period; it is as the mother of a hero and through him of hero worship that she commands our thoughts.

The powerful religions of the world owe largely their strength to the presence in them of a personal element, to the exaltation of a being of our race or of one allied to it by common characteristics. Man is so much a creature of sense that he demands a tangible object for his faith; the crucifix, the shrine, the idol are expressions of this demand. Providence, in divine charity, had compassion on this infirmity of finite humanity in the incarnation. In the religion of hero worship this longing for something which the eye can adore reaches culmination and satisfaction. This may be considered the simplest of all religions; its creed is obedience and unbounded faith. Death may be the reward, but Death is the glorification of heroism. Napoleon came upon the stage at a time of political infidelity; Kingship had become contemptible to the French; men must pay homage to a character, not to hereditary transmission of power and luxurious vice. He came as a missionary of a new faith; in his austerity we see his ancestor, the Greek bishop—himself his own religion, he knew no fear, obeyed no laws: the embodiment of selfishness, selfishness was redeemed by its magnificence. He first excited admiration. Admiration gave place to faith in the hero and his destiny. This missionary of war, this apostle of destruction, owed his re-

deeming traits to his mother. He spread over entire Europe his hero-worship; men gave him the prayers of their fear, the praise of their submission, the faith of their constant admiration. He preached his religion to the Alps, to the Russian steppes, to the pyramids; to solitude, to perilous desolation, to antiquity. Not alone did he labor; the lovely Corsican maiden, the wise, majestic mother stood beside him in his battle-field pulpits. The Madonna of Romanism and the Isis of Egypt were confronted by the Madonna of ambitious war. From the organ-pipes of cannon, in the thunder of cavalry charges and in the shout of triumph rose the chant of praise to the hero and the Madonna; her cathedral was Europe, her shrines were kingdoms, her priests were kings. The head which bowed to no power of earth was bent in her worship; the hand which sculptured with the sword his image for Fame's temple, twined a garland for her altar in these words: "It is to my mother, to her good principles, that I owe my fortune and all I have done well."

E. P. D.

MAHOMET AND HIS RELIGION.

No man, perhaps, in the history of the world, was better fitted than Mahomet to become the founder of a new religion. A member of the noblest family of a renowned tribe, his illustrious birth gave prominence to his words and deeds. An intimate acquaintance with the sacred ceremonies of the Caaba, the temple of the Arabs, turned his youthful thoughts to the contemplation of religious subjects. His early manhood, spent in the active pursuits of life, enlarged his knowledge of mankind, and rendered still more penetrating a mind already endowed by nature with a sagacious insight into character, while his mature years, passed in retirement, afforded the

leisure necessary to perfect and arrange the plans for that religious reformation which he finally introduced. Quick, bold, and self-reliant, with an attractive person and a ready tongue, he possessed all the qualities necessary to a mere temporal leader; while at the same time, a contemplative mind, a thorough knowledge of the religious principles which he wished to inculcate, and an enthusiastic zeal for the truths he taught, marked him as a ruler no less in spiritual than in temporal affairs. Above all, he had the power of inspiring his followers with a devoted attachment to his person and his cause.

Such then was Mahomet. No mere fanatic who appealed only to the passions and prejudices of men. Nor, on the other hand, simply a philosopher, placing his hopes of success upon the truth of his doctrines and calmly waiting until time should fulfill his desires. No! He *was* a fanatic, but his fanaticism was based on reason. He *was* a philosopher, but his philosophy was united with action. What others had only hoped for, he labored for. To the zeal of an enthusiast he added the wisdom of a sage. In him, faith and works were united.

It cannot be doubted that Mahomet was a faithful seeker after truth. And while we must reject his claims to divine inspiration we are at the same time forced to admit his sincerity, and to recognize the firm conviction which he held in respect to his own supernatural appointment. Deceit was foreign to the nature of the man. Besides, if he had not been upheld by an unwavering trust in his religion he could never have endured so patiently the many years of persecution which followed the announcement of the new faith. Despised, cast out by his people and rejected—nay even persecuted by his friends; for awhile seeking safety in concealment, and at length compelled to flee for his life from the Holy City; sad, dejected, poverty stricken and almost friendless, he still clung to his religion and out of his misery looked with an unshaken

faith to the God whom he had chosen. We may call Mahomet a false prophet. We may condemn his teachings. We may mourn the misdirection of so powerful a mind. But his elevation of character, his patient endurance under suffering, his wise counsels and his just life demand our admiration and respect. He went astray; but it was through ignorance of the right.

The doctrines emanating from such a source must be powerful to incite to action as well as to convince. And they were powerful; even beyond the most visionary conception of their author. When driven into exile his only wish was for some quiet spot in which he and the little band of believers might worship in peace and security the God in whom they trusted. No schemes of worldly conquest had as yet arisen in his mind; or appearing, they must have been banished by the fierce opposition which, at the outset, the new doctrine had encountered.

The associations of his boyhood had doubtless given to Mahomet's mind the tendencies which led him ever afterward to take a decided interest in all matters pertaining to religion. His travels and consequent intercourse with the followers of almost every creed, had made him acquainted with the various systems of belief which existed at that time in Arabia and the surrounding countries. But among all these religions he found none which he could accept as true. After his marriage, his retirement from active life left him at liberty to follow with undivided attention the ruling tendency of his mind. The knowledge of various religions which he had acquired during his travels was now utilized. The merits of each creed were carefully investigated and weighed—only to be found wanting. His cultivated mind was repelled by the idolatry and superstition of the Arabs. The fire-worship of Persia, with its mystic rites and ceremonies, offered no solution to the problem which was engaging his attention. The christian religion, as *he* knew it, was already corrupted and its followers were divided into

hostile sects. There was no existing religion which satisfied his wants. He retired to his cave upon Mount Hara and there devoted himself to meditation and prayer. He became convinced that the only true religion was the one given directly by God to Adam: the religion of Abraham, of the prophets. That in later times it had become corrupted and had fallen from its first estate. That it must be renewed and restored to its former purity. His convictions were strengthened by the appearance of dreams and visions to which he soon attributed a supernatural character. Finally the angel Gabriel appeared to him in a vision of unwonted splendor and declared that Mahomet was the one chosen of God to restore the ancient faith: He immediately began his career as a religious reformer. The doctrines of the new religion as embodied in the Koran, were revealed to the Prophet, sometimes in dreams, at others directly by the angel Gabriel, as necessity gave occasion for them. They appear to be derived mainly from the Christian and Jewish religions. Denying the divinity of Christ, Mahomet recognized in him an undefiled, a heaven-commissioned teacher of the true religion. Rejecting the doctrine of the trinity as an unwarrantable innovation, he nevertheless accepted and incorporated in his belief many of the fundamental principles of Christianity. Belief in the existence of one omnipotent, omnipresent and eternal God, the maker and ruler of all things, was the keystone of his faith. The immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the dead, the final judgment when the faithful shall be admitted to the glories of paradise, and the sinners banished to the torments of hell; all these doctrines were in accordance with Christianity. But mingled with them we find many notions derived from other sources. Judaism contributed the belief in the ministry of angels, in the existence of guardian spirits, genii and the like. Many of the rites and ceremonies of the Sabeans were retained and incorporated in the new faith. Idolatry was prohibited. But the holy places of the Arabs, especially the Caaba, were allowed

to retain their sancity, and to continue as objects of adoration.

Thus it is that Mahometanism "was raised upon, not against, the principles and prejudices of preceding sects." It was the common ground upon which all could meet. And to this it owed much of its power. But it was not entirely the pure and undefiled religion for which at first Mahomet seems to have sought. On the contrary, it was characterized by grossness and sensuality. Instead of offering an elevated standard to which the minds of men might be raised, it descended and met them half way. If pampered to the corrupt and debased sensibilities of the people to whom it was offered. It was of the earth, earthy.

The religion as taught by Mahomet was far from being the degrading and enervating belief which is held by the Mahometans of to-day. Nevertheless, the low condition to which it has now fallen is due to the legitimate and natural development of the seeds of sensuality and fatalism planted by Mahomet himself. But these inevitable results were not at first apparent. Their full development required a time of peace in which men's minds should be unoccupied by the all-absorbing pursuit of conquest which now engaged their attention. Even Mahomet seems to have been ignorant of the extent to which his doctrines, under favoring circumstances, might be carried. The sword, as we have seen, did not originally enter into the plans of Mahomet for spreading his religion. He relied at first upon purely spiritual weapons. And when, after thirteen years of persecution, he did appeal to arms, it was done more in the spirit of defense against oppression than with any well defined idea of thus extending and enforcing the new faith. Nevertheless, a few fortunate engagements so increased his power as to awaken in him the thought of combining temporal with spiritual authority. Many of the neighboring Arabs, influenced by their love for predatory warfare or moved by religious zeal, hastened to Medina and enlisted under the newly raised standard of the Prophet. These, in addition to his fol-

lowers who had already professed the faith, formed a force sufficient to warrant more extended operations. The neighboring communities were speedily reduced to subjection. Mahomet's authority steadily increased. His claims to divine assistance were strengthened by the almost invariable success of his military expeditions. At length he succeeded in gaining possession of Mecca and there established the capital of the new empire, the Holy City of the Faith. The scattered tribes of Arabia which before had exhausted their strength in feuds and petty wars among themselves were soon united under one standard, under one religion. By the ability and skill of Mahomet the energy, which had previously been divided and misapplied, was now combined and directed to the single purpose of extending the faith. Arabia had become a nation. Mahomet was its prophet and its king.

His desires did not stop here. He looked beyond the boundaries of his own country. He longed to extend his power to other lands, to spread the faith of Islam among other nations, to enforce it if need be with the sword. It was a world-wide empire that he sought to establish. Already the neighboring princes paid him tribute, and while as yet rejecting his claims to divine authority, acknowledged his temporal supremacy. He organized an expedition against Syria which he led in person. The success of this undertaking encouraged him to make similar attempts in other directions. He dispatched numerous armies to extend his empire and enforce his religion upon the conquered. But Mahomet did not live to see the consummation of his designs. His earthly toil was ended. From the scenes of his majestic triumph the stern summons of Azrael called him to enter the blissful regions prepared for the souls of the faithful. To other hands was left the care of erecting that mighty edifice which his genius had devised and his bold mind had dared to attempt—that temple within whose sacred walls all nations of the earth should at last be gathered to unite in worshipping the one, the everliving

God of their common faith—that stupendous structure whose strength should defy the ravages of time, whose duration should be measured by eternity; whose foundations should embrace the earth; whose lofty pinnacles should gleam with the reflected glory of the eternal throne; whose magnificence naught but the wildest imaginations of an oriental fancy could conceive.

Mahomet died. But he left to the faithful an inheritance of inestimable worth. His faith remained. His empire was unshaken.

A successor was chosen to whom descended the sceptre and robe of the Prophet. The Koran not only supplied the rules for religious conduct but laid down the laws by which the civil government should be directed. In this manner had Mahomet provided for the stability of his newly-founded power. The conquests begun by him were urged with undiminished vigor. The Caliphs uniting in their persons both temporal and spiritual authority could effectually appeal to all the motives which actuated the fierce people over whom they ruled.

The Arabs, trained from boyhood in horsemanship and the use of weapons, skilled in all the tactics of roving warfare, inured by their desert life to hardships and capable of enduring to an amazing degree hunger, thirst, and fatigue, constituted a force from which powerful armies might be constructed. An enthusiastic temperament rendered them peculiarly susceptible of religious impressions. To such minds the religion of Mahomet appealed with universal success. The love of plunder induced many to accept a faith which offered them the world for their spoil. The sensual delights of Mahometanism were strong attractions to the dwellers in the desert who were scorched by the burning sun and parched with thirst. With what skill did Mahomet picture the paradise which awaited the souls of believers! “It is watered by rivers; its food is perpetual, and its shade also.” Thus, with offers of earthly riches and endless enjoyment after death, Mahomet had called

about him the scattered tribes of Arabia and enrolled them beneath his standard. Now, with their strength disciplined, and their minds excited with religious ardor, they aim at the conquest of the world.

Their zeal carried them onward with mighty strides. Empires trembled and fell before their invincible prowess. Over Syria and Persia swept a resistless wave—and its crest was tinged with blood. Damascus, Jerusalem, Antioch opened their gates at the knock of the conquerors. The fierce followers of the Prophet, engrossed with the one idea of extending the faith, seldom heeded the command to spare those who submitted to the temporal power of Islam. "The faith or the sword" was their watchword. Their track was marked by blazing cities and devastated fields. The pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night went after, not before them. The Roman cohorts formed no barrier to their overwhelming onslaught. The walls of Constantinople echoed to their battle-cry. Egypt heard the tramping of their armies. Alexandria, Memphis yielded to the hosts thundering at their doors. The land of the Pharaohs became the prey of the descendants of Abraham. But their desires were never sated: their zeal never flagged. No rest for them while there remained a foot of earth in the possession of unbelievers.

Westward they turn their steps. Their path lies through the Libyan desert. They do not hesitate. Onward they march! Across the level sands with the blazing sun above them and the hot breath of the desert scorching their blood. On! Toward the far off confines where earth and sky meet in a quivering embrace. On through the burning horrors they take their way. Why should *they* fear? Are they not the children of the desert? Night casts its cooling shades o'er the heated earth. The great stars gleam with a steady lustre. Above the horizon hangs the glittering crescent of the new born moon. Forward they march with noiseless footsteps, and only the clatter of their weapons breaks the stillness of the

desert. But when the first red glow in the East proclaims the coming of the sun, the mighty host is stayed. The desert solitudes are awakened by the call to prayer; each man, kneeling, turns his face towards the Holy City, and bowing his forehead to the earth mutters a short ejaculatory prayer:—"God, there is no God but He, the living, the ever-living; and Mahomet is his prophet."

On, ever onward! Along their course are cities set like gems in the surrounding waste; cities embowered in the flowery splendor of the oases,—types, with their cooling streams and refreshing fruits and luxuriant vegetation,—types of the blissful regions awaiting the souls of believers. The warlike host tarries only to conquer. Then on once more toward the western ocean. Devastation follows their footsteps. Nothing can oppose their power. Africa is trodden beneath their feet. The blue waves of the Atlantic turn but do not check their course. Spain is invaded. The Christian knights are vanquished by the Moslem warriors and Mahometanism records another victory won, another empire subjected.

Here the tide of conquest was arrested. The followers of the Prophet, sated at length with the spoils of plundered cities and wearied by a continued succession of battles and marches, were now prepared to enjoy in peace the fruits of their labor. At this period the temporal sway of the Caliphs had reached the zenith of its power. The expectations of Mahomet were almost realized. But they were destined to disappointment. The wide extended empire was soon to be broken into fragments. Yet the kingdoms thus formed were still united by the bond of a common religion. The Faith was mightier than the sword.

M.

THE NASSAU WALTZES.

The Nassau Waltzes, lately composed especially for and dedicated to the Princeton College Instrumental Club, were brought out for the first time at the Tuesday night concert. That they proved a success, it is needless for me to state; the thundering applause with which they were received plainly settles the question.

The orchestral arrangement is that of Mr. Oscar Coon of New York, and although not quite up to his usual mark, is a creditable performance and entirely satisfactory to the composer. The instrumentation in places is unique and shows that an interest has been taken to produce effects. In the Introduction and Movements I. and IV. the harmonic blending of the instruments is charming; both flute and cornet being here introduced in a masterly manner.

We were struck with the element of originality which pervades the composition, a thing not frequently perceptible in the rudimental efforts of young composers. An experienced ear can easily detect "Strauss" here and there, but this seems to me more discernible in the manner in which the waltz is written than in the melodies themselves. Mr. Henderson has taken Strauss as his model and framed his thoughts in strict accordance therewith; but the fault of direct imitation can in no wise be attributed to him. He writes a composition which may be termed an unconscious reproduction of the other,—a composition which is very far from being a direct plagiarism; but the fundamental color and mood of which has an affinitive connection with the first, which arises in the same way, invents similar episodes, and is connected with the whole work in a similar manner. In a word, that which burns here is Mr. Henderson's own and not stolen property; but it was set on fire by a stranger's torch and not by spontaneous combustion.

He is without all doubt one of the most talented young amateur composers we ever had the pleasure of meeting, and

when we consider the fact that his ear is his sole reliance, he having never studied harmony, our amazement is enhanced and we are ready to double our eulogies. If this is but his fourth work, what will the last be?

The chief detraction of the waltz is a halt, third pause, if I may so speak, at the beginning of each bar, which although in places necessary and effective, grows wearisome and laborious toward the close. A sciolist in musical matters will undoubtedly overlook this, but to one who is tolerably conversant with the faultless rhythm and combinations of Strauss, Faust, and Lumbye, it is quite plain. However, it is but an unconscious mannerism which Mr. Henderson will soon recognize and gradually mend.

The chief beauties of the waltz are the Introduction, Movements I. IV. V. and the Finale. In the first of these, the motive used is the final strain from "New-Jersey," quite prettily interwoven and distributed among the instruments. No. I. is the flower of the whole. It is the fine product of a strictly original fancy. My musical knowledge is not very extensive, I confess, but I am confident that here the thought is Mr. Henderson's and *in no respect* any other person's. The rhythm is broad and full, the swing superb. No. IV. is a dainty, graceful strain, but the before mentioned rests at the beginning of each bar detract considerably from its merit.

No. V. is chiefly characterized by its swinging and ponderous bass. If a man never danced before, he will be compelled to do so here.

The way in which "Old Nassau" is introduced in the Finale, is well known to those who had the pleasure of hearing the waltz performed. We consider the composition in every way worthy of publication, and would advise the composer to take immediate steps in regard thereto.

TANNHAUSER.

MRS. BROWNING AND "AURORA LEIGH."

Passing by the question whether or not woman is man's intellectual inferior, it is nevertheless a fact that the pages of history chronicle the names of few women who have been eminent in literature. Strangely enough, this "weaker vessel" has led advancing hosts to battle, nobly dared and gloriously triumphed. Not unfrequently have the nations of the earth made rapid strides in material progress, and as often has science advanced and literature flourished, under the wise and just administration of a queen. Nor do the records of the world contain any more glowing example of heroic self-sacrifice and devotion to country than is shown in the life of Joan of Arc. Not, however, in all the long roll from Aristotle to Mill, from Thucydides to Macaulay, from Homer to Milton, has it fallen to the lot of any woman to write a great history, to indite a masterly treatise on economics or the science of government, or to enroll her name on the list of great poets.

There can be little doubt that this is, to a great extent, due, so far as regards poetry, to the objective character which that "divine art" has commonly assumed. It seems but natural that the poet, to note the quick scenes of close combat and sing the glories of the Trojan wars, should have been a man. The condition and customs of Milton's age rendered it almost impossible that any woman should have had the vast learning and been conversant with the great problems that so certainly went toward the production of "Paradise Lost." While Minerva was the goddess of wisdom, it was the wisdom of war and the liberal arts. Orpheus was master of the lyre.

Only a change in the methods of writing could bring a change in respect to authors. The change came first in the field of prose fiction. Charlotte Brontë, in "Jane Eyre," has given to the world a novel as full of true and deep passion as any that graces the pages of literature; and George Eliot has followed with that philosophic analysis of character which con-

stitutes the leading feature of a true novel. As the modern novel by its subjective character, its portrayal of the inner feelings, has taken the place of the early romance; so poetry, having laid aside the brilliant pictures of objective scenes, plies its insight to discover the motives and uses its verse to lay bare the hidden workings of the heart. The tender lyrics of the Carey Sisters, for example, and the animated verse of Mrs. Hemans are what one might naturally expect from their sex. But it was not until Mrs. Browning with all the inspiration of "Aurora Leigh," stepped forth on the field of the muses, a poetic Semiramis, that any female poet had produced a poem which could be called truly great. It is of this poem and especially of herself shown in it that I shall mainly speak.

The story of her life I need not here repeat. Space would not permit me to tell of that mind so cultured and almost encyclopedic in the extent of its knowledge, taking in its range "almost every book worth reading in almost every language," that, had she never written a verse of poetry, would alone have made her famous; of her heroic warfare against sorrow and disease; of her marriage, so grandly fitting, with the poet Browning; of her triumphant death.

Her last great poem was "Aurora Leigh." It proves itself "the full corn in the ear." She speaks of it as, "the most mature of my works and the one into which my highest convictions upon Life and Art have entered."

I have hinted that our author's writing was subjective. Certainly it was. But it was no maudlin recital of her own woes. It was a lofty and delicate spirituality, with the things of ordinary life purified by the discipline of study and sorrows. If in "In Memoriam" the poet could say:—

"I do but sing because I must
And pipe but as the linnet sings;"

None the less so is it the case in this noble poem. You have seen a strong man try to control his grief and keep back the utterance; but ever and anon, though the tear may be brushed

away and a strong will restrain the quiver of the lip, the bursting heart will break forth in a wail only the stronger because of the attempt to keep it under control. I profoundly believe that Mrs. Browning had no intention of airing her own sorrows. That much of this appearance is due to the cause we have hinted at is seen, I think, in the fact that the author in this poem is never sustained in her loftiest flights. But just as the sun, though always surrounded by a dazzling photosphere, often sends out streaks of its luminous atmosphere thousands of miles into space, only to fall back again into that shining envelope; so, in this poem, though ever on a high plane, the author in some grand burst of sorrowful and agonizing passion rises to resplendent heights she can not long sustain.

Not only in "*Aurora Leigh*" but in all of Mrs. Browning's poems there is this same sad vein. But who that thinks a moment could wish it otherwise? It is the "sweet sad music of humanity." It is only the bubbling brook that glides along in sportive murmurs. The great broad river pushes ever onward with a solemn flow. Shakespeare at his best is never merry.

It is not uncommon to attribute the sorrowful tone of Mrs. Browning's writings to the sorrow that so largely entered into her visible life. Long she battled against disease; her own eyes witnessed the death, by drowning, of her favorite brother; her heart, so full of love and always yearning for sympathy, only found its mate late in life. This undoubtedly had its influence but it was not, I take it, all nor most of the cause of her sadness. A greater One we know was always sad. Can we not, without impiety, believe that her soul like His did deeply feel all human woe and "dwelt apart?" "*The Cry of the Human*" abundantly testifies how strongly she recognized the mysteries and miseries of existence. Ah! how eloquently does she pray that the ancient curse may be lifted from the race. I hope I speak with reverence, but it seems to me

that that poem has almost caught a breath from the agonies of Gethsemane. "Let the earth rejoice," and childhood laugh and those who can be joyful, but they who bear the burdens of humanity will ever weep. To *know* them is to bear them.

But while she pricks with the thorn, the scent of the rose is still present. If the general tenor of the poem is marked by sighing, the mind is relieved from over-strain by descriptive passages of the most charming character.

The impressions from Mrs. Browning's life in Italy seem to have largely contributed to deepen the quality of which we have spoken. The soft Italian skies come into her sorrowing heart like balm. The influences of these years warmed her heart, that seemed as if it would grow cold and stern, as southern winds keep off harsh winter from the north. The opening of "Casa Guidi Windows," in a fine strain, shows her deep interest in Italy. It begins thus:

"I heard last night a little child go singing
'Neath Casa Guidi Windows, by the church,
O bella liberta, O bella !"

By this poem, forever will her name be remembered in that sunny land. Her heart did indeed "swell to a pair of nationalities."

In "Aurora Leigh," more than possibly, the story is much of her own life. The character of Aurora Leigh is to me a grand and noble one; yet not so far above attainment by human nature that the strong influences of learning, religion, and love could not produce it. These must be taken into account to understand it. It would be out of place here to attempt any minute analysis of this character. It is all compactly comprehended in her own view of art, when she exclaims,—

"O life, O poetry
—Which means life in life! cognisant of life
Beyond this blood-beat, passionate for truth
Beyond these senses,—poetry my life."—

Romney Leigh's is such a character as is quite possible to imagine, and one whose elements are not unfrequent in modern life. How many men to-day, infatuated with that mad charity

which cannot understand what He meant by eating with publicans and something more, throw themselves away in hollow reform theories and soil themselves by well meant but unguarded contact with the lower classes. They do not remember that the elevation must be "from above lifting up."

It has been objected that while Romney may have passed the ardent studious youth the author marks for him; engaged himself to the sweet peasant Marian Erle; founded his christian (?) phalanstery; had his house burned; and, driven from home, been made blind by those whom, in their distresses, he had relieved; and after all still married Aurora Leigh,—while all this is possible and plain, the poetess, expecting us to admire the hero, has simply told these things as isolated facts, with no connection and without any key to the development of his character. No doubt true; yet of little moment. Let me deliberately ask to what life is there a connection and development and key to character? In most human lives, including many, to whom the world has pointed and claimed as bright examples, the attempt to find these things would be a fruitless search. I can but think, in taking what is most human, she has done well. The poem is set with gems enough on thoughts of life and its connections to be a book of proverbs.

Though the author of this poem is never merry, she often lashes the world's back with cords of the severest satire. The case that calls for satire must indeed be a stubborn one; with Mrs. Browning, I believe, it is always so. In these sparkling proverbs, to which I have alluded, she often packs a world of satire, wisdom, and quaintness. I quote some as they lie most convenient in my memory.

"And sighing she thanked God,
Some people always sigh in thanking God,"

"Let us pray God's grace to keep God's image in repute."

"If dumb a silver piece will split a man's tongue."

"There's not a crime
But takes its proper change out still in crime,
If once rung upon the counter of the world
Let sinners look to it."

Through all the poem there runs a deep and universal sympathy, whose foundation is the glowing love of noble-minded maidenhood, fanned into an intense flame by marriage and the raptures of maternity. On every page there glows a grand religious exaltation, whose faith was love to Christ and such implicit confidence in God as would make her ask, "Would God sit quiet, let us think in heaven," while one of his own children went

" * * * * About the world,
And still went seeking, like a bleating lamb
Left out at night, in shutting up the fold,—
As restless as a nest-deserted bird
Grown chill through something being away, though what
I know not?"

The present popularity of a poem is often no test of its real merit. However, we predict that the popularity of "Aurora Leigh" will increase. The human family may grow tired of the pæan and romantic song, but as long as dark passions move the heart of man and require the marshalling of conscience and growing reason to subdue them; so long, sorrowfully it is true yet even with interest, will the race look "to see the sad pageants of men's miseries." Italy, the land of her adoption, is honored with Mrs. Browning's tomb. She died as only she could die whose education had been from Æschylus and the Hebrew prophets. Death came to her, as only it could come to the author of that celestial lyric, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep,"—a poem whose sweet refrain might have soothed the dying moments of Israel's great law-giver, as he rested his weary feet, and gave his spirit to the God of his fathers "on Nebo's lonely mountain." The day of her death was beautiful. The cloudless, blue Italian sky seemed thoughtfully silent. As the angels came to bear away the spark of her fading life, she raised herself a moment on her pillow; her eye brightened, as if she saw the harpers; and listening she seemed to catch a note of their enraptured song; then falling gently back, she calmly slept.

Her work is done. Life's good, Life's ill are now beyond her control. Let us hope that in her own sweet words, its lesson may fall

" * * * * * Like a tear
Upon the world's cold cheek to make it known
Forever,"—

and that "Aurora Leigh" may be indeed the morning tint to promise to the world a still grander epic of the human heart.

N. B. Hereafter all the MSS. handed in for publication will be considered as the property of the LIT.

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

AT PORTINAR'S EVENING PARTY.

Daughter of Portinari ! thou hast met,
This eve, the bard of Hell and Paradise ;
By Love's own hand the very hour was set
For thy glad greeting and his sweet surprise ;
Though parted for awhile, his loving eye
Has seiz'd thy fair belongings, and restrain'd
Thy crimson gown to dress his dreams with joy,
And flame across his lonely hours. He gained
A prize in meeting thee ; and thou hast part
Henceforth in him—to all his fame allied ;
For thou hast past into a poet's heart,
To be his Beatrice, his Angel-guide.
Hail ! little handmaid of a great renown
With thine eight summers and thy crimson gown.

VOICE OF THE ALUMNI.

MOUSTACHES.

Those who read the European Press, or even the European news in the American Press, and who have been obliged to be satisfied with the discussion of the war between Russia and the Porte, and with such minor and unimportant topics, will long remember the shock which they received, when, one morning a few weeks ago they saw the announcement that the French Government had passed a law, prohibiting forever each and every member of the Bar of France from wearing a moustache. It mattered not who that member might be. The Judge on the bench, the advocate at the bar, in one sweeping edict, had been deprived of that, which, to many, had cost years of toil and anxiety. There was no exemption, there was nothing left but to forsake the profession which was dearer than life, or to forsake those moustaches, which, presumably, were equally dear.

The excitement upon the announcement of the action of the French Government was intense, both in Europe and America. The authorities were compelled to close the Bourse in Paris, until the popular tumult had in a measure subsided. At the Royal Exchange silver fell to 48d. and many of the firmest securities were shaken.

The arbitrary order of the Government was severely criticised. With what spirit of justice, it was asked, could the House of Bourbon, in a fit of jealousy, cut off the moustaches of a numerous and highly respectable class of its citizens? If

France could commit so arbitrary an act, why not England? Why not The United States? Why not the Oregon monarch, whose life and energies being entirely given up to the cultivation of nasal organism, would have none of those loftier feelings attendant upon the contemplation of hirsute subjects? In fact to descend to private life, what was to prevent the vicious wife, whose husband, worn out and completely exhausted by the last caudle, had just fallen into a fitful slumber, from arising in stealth, and, with those very scissors which the day before had been employed in the sacred office of cutting out shirts for the heathen, from destroying in an instant the work of years? If such precedents should once become established, who would be safe? Before the danger could be seen and averted, the deed would be done. The moustache of the nineteenth century would not be as safe as the member of the Grand Council was in the days of the Doges. Be it as fierce as the Numidian Lion, or as mild as the celebrated Sucking Dove, each and every moustache would be in imminent peril.

These arguments were only too well founded; and the predictions which were uttered of the consequences likely to arise from the illegal and unwarrantable action of the French Government, were soon to be realized.

It has long been known that moustaches were regarded with disfavor at Vassar College, and other like institutions. To the honor, however, of those institutions, be it said, this disfavor was exhibited by the Boards of presiding officers alone. And the reason was plain. For what else could be expected from these Boards, which, for the most part consisted of aged and decrepit spinsters, whose aspirations had never reached to the dignity of a moustache; or, had they ever aspired to such giddy heights, had long given up all hopes of ever attaining them? It can be imagined with what savage joy they received the tidings of the events which were transpiring in Europe. Here was a precedent, they said. Now at least they could do as they wished. And they soon

proceeded to put their thoughts into acts. At Vassar it was unanimously decided that all favor shown to moustaches, slight as it had formerly been, should be withdrawn. It was ordered by the officers of that institution that the severest penalties should be visited upon any student, who should be found with a moustache in her possession. The precise words of the order were: "If any student shall be found on the college grounds, having about her person, or in her possession, any moustache, with the appendage, or any appendage with or without the moustache, such student shall be expelled from the said institution, the size, character, or condition of said moustache, or its appendage, to the contrary notwithstanding."

Now it is the inalienable right of each and every citizen of this free and glorious country to enjoy moustaches, liberty, and other things, in peace and quietness,—especially moustaches; and the deprivation of any of these can only be justified on the grounds that the person, so deprived, has committed some wrong which deserves such a punishment. In this instance, who can deny that the students of Vassar College have the right, after the labors of the day are over, to retire to some secluded spot on the college grounds, and there to enjoy,—to take a bite, as it were, of some first class moustache, provided for the occasion? Indeed does not such an action display a highly commendable taste on the part of all the parties concerned? What, then, have the students of Vassar done that they should thus be deprived of one of their greatest rights and privileges? This is the question which that arbitrary Board of officers, already alluded to, must answer, if they do not desire their action to be universally condemned. Answered, or unanswered, however, those officers will learn that in this instance, their arbitrary order will have comparatively little effect. They ought to know by this time that the average Vassar student, having once acquired the taste of moustaches, cannot be reformed by any such method

as they propose ; and that, despite of threats and orders, they will still have concealed moustaches about them. And their action, moreover, will receive the universal approbation of mankind ; while they who seek thus to make war against their rights will meet with as universal disapprobation.

But this war against moustaches has not been confined to the walls of Vassar. Almost daily the papers contain the accounts of fresh and violent assaults. In Boston, an eminent citizen awoke one morning to find himself moustacheless. It is not denied that his moustache had always been weak ; and, to speak technically, had never been properly " clinched." But the assertion of his wife, that the cat had crept into the room unawares and, mistaking it for milk on his upper lip, had licked it off before he awoke, betrayed at once the real culprit and her seared conscience.

And in that same city of light and learning, another eminent citizen, while quietly and lawfully sleeping on his own door-step,—indeed, where he had spent the entire latter half of the night, was suddenly aroused by having his moustache thoroughly sprinkled with Scotch snuff. It is true the police had vainly endeavored many times during the night to arouse him ; and that the method resorted to, was the only availing one by which he could be brought to his senses—" But yet the pity of it, Iago !"

The refinement of villainy, however, was exhibited in the case of McGuire, filling the hearts of thousands with horror. James McGuire was a prominent citizen of Penn's Neck. Although humble in his parentage, he had twice been elevated to the dignity of alderman of that young, but vigorous and rapidly developing city. Nor was his political success on the wane. He was prominently spoken of as a candidate for mayor at the spring election ; and it was confidently asserted by more than one, that he would secure the nomination. His success he owed largely to his finely developed moustache, which, when of great size and stiffness, is sure to gain for its

owner the affection and admiration of the masses. His moustache, so his admirers said, had carried him through before, and it would again. But an unforeseen calamity, about to be related, destroyed all the prospects of himself and his friends.

Mrs. McGuire, the partner of his joys and sorrows, was an adept at the noble game of Poker. Peculiarly fitted by nature for that scientific amusement, she had, from long practice, acquired great skill and proficiency in it; and in addition to this had accumulated no less than twenty-three pokers of various sizes and lengths. Most of her games were played with her husband; and, with such a hand as she held, it can be imagined that she invariably made a good deal and always played a winning game. But Mrs. McGuire's intellect was not confined within the narrow range of one particular science. It embraced within its vigorous grasp that vast science of Being in general, and of her own Being in particular: in which latter branch she took a peculiar interest. In the prosecution of this, her favorite science, Mrs. McGuire, as was natural, became acquainted and was on intimate terms with the House of Bourbon. The action, therefore, of that House, in condemning the Bar of France to lose its moustaches was known and warmly commended by her; and from that hour the moustache of the ex-alderman seems to have been doomed.

It was a sunny day. Mr. McGuire was quietly sitting in that apartment of his dwelling known as the kitchen. His wife, as all treacherous wives do, when evil is lurking in their hearts, had commenced to scrub the floor. As was usual, also, on such occasions, there had been some conversation of an indifferent sort, and probably the scrubbing would have wound up, as it had heretofore been customary for the scrubbing of that household to do, in a pleasant game of Poker. But such was not to be the happy conclusion. The smouldering flame suddenly burst forth by Mrs. McGuire asking Mr. McGuire to get her a new scrubbing brush, right away. This Mr.

McGuire declined to do. There is no necessity of repeating the highly interesting conversation which ensued. It will be sufficient for the general reader to know that it was brought to a sudden and violent conclusion by Mr. McGuire requesting Mrs. McGuire to emigrate to a warmer clime. The irate matron hurled her husband headlong on the floor and, grasping him firmly by his ankles, proceeded to shove him, with his face downward, backwards and forwards over the boards, and to mop up the soapsuds with his moustache, remarking sarcastically, as she did so, that everything had its uses.

She let him up.

But what a change was there! The storm, indeed, had been short, yet what a wreck in those few brief moments! That moustache, every hair of which was to have procured a vote at the forthcoming election, was no more. The *débris* lay scattered over the floor. Catching in the cracks and splinters of the boards, it had literally been torn out by the roots; and Mr. McGuire's countenance was a meaningless mass, and was, in the words of a great poet "As empty as a painted face upon a painted woman." He never recovered from that shock, but with emaciated frame, he continued for a short time to drag out a mournful existence. His fate is a sad one and is soon told. One day, scarce two months after the events just related, a knot of men was seen emerging from a well known barber shop in Penn's Neck. In their midst was born on a rude litter the body of a man who had just been talked to death by the barber. It was the corpse of James McGuire.

But let us leave these harrowing scenes. This question, like all others of vast and universal importance to the human race, has two sides and ardent supporters for each. Do the opponents of moustaches think that, because they have been successful in a few skirmishes, they will be able to carry out their nefarious designs without opposition? Do they not know they are outnumbered two to one? And in regard to

respectability, where are they? Evidently they are not aware what they are fighting against. If space permitted, we would enter with pleasure into the history of moustaches and show the important relation they bear to mankind. We might tell the story how the great Sir Isaac Newton discovered and discussed the properties of the Logarithmic Spiral from the hair of an unknown moustache found one day on his butter plate; and show how, from that simple beginning, arose the whole theory of Transcendental Curves. It would delight us, too, to prove the great antiquity of moustaches: to prove how, in the earliest historic times they were known and respected by all men; how in the Middle Ages they retained their splendor amid universal decay; and how, in our own times, they still are, and must ever be looked up to and regarded with emotions of delight by a large class of the human race.

But we must not detain the reader longer. What is needed is a Protocol. If the Powers would only agree to sign such a document, the evil which has been done by the French Government and those harpies, which it has fallen to our lot to notice, would soon be stopped. The coercive powers of a Protocol are so universally admitted that it cannot be long before one will be promulgated by the Powers. It is already rumored that something is to be done: indeed we are authorized in asserting—confidentially—that action is to be immediately taken in this matter; and that the time is not far distant when there will be secured to all moustaches a universal liberty. We long for that day:—for that day when it shall be said that the moustache has taken the place of the mistletoe, and when everything which is done with propriety under the shade of the latter may be done with equal propriety under the far more genial shade of the former.

MAX WYK.

ATHLETICS IN PRINCETON.

I have been interested in the Athletics of Princeton for fifteen years and have seen every nine play during that time. I have also had the pleasure of being intimate with the Athletic men of Nassau Hall of every class for many years.

I therefore deem myself an expert in all that relates to the success of our college contests. About this time last year I jotted down a few thoughts which I meditated sending you; but, on showing them to an old and distinguished Captain of the Princeton Nine, he suggested that he never approved of hitting a man when he was down, and so my thoughts like many good college intentions ended in smoke.

The Yale and Harvard games this year have certainly been a marked improvement on last year, but some of the causes of want of success, to which I shall call your attention, still seem to exist. To illustrate, let me call your attention to the game between Yale and Princeton on May 23rd. Then our nine, as individuals, played fully as well as Yale. We had nine base hits. Yale had five. The errors were about even and yet no one, seeing that game or the Harvard game of the 19th, could help contrasting the discipline and unity of the visiting nines with the want of these qualities in our nine. These defects would have appeared more clearly, if our pitching had not been more effective than that of our guests. In the Yale match, for example, seventeen outs on first base were recorded for us.

As it is we are happy only in the absence of disgrace, but to avoid future mishaps let us now examine some of the causes which have made Princeton, in proportion to her numbers, less successful of late in the Athletic departments than she has been in former years.

One cause is the lack of concentration. We have five hundred students and we claim, if I am correctly informed, to do Scotch Games, American Games, (Boating in all forms,) Billiards (provided it is not done in a disreputable place), Rid-

ing, Dancing, Base Ball, Foot Ball (two kinds of games), Cane Sprees, Cricket, Shooting, Hand Ball, Indian Fighting, and sporadic imitations of Paris and Helen. I presume each young gentleman on leaving college with these accomplishments will practice law, medicine, divinity, keep a country store, run a variety show (*vide* advertisements in the *Herald*), and be attached as general utility man to a circus, a daily paper, and also be occupied with the genial occupation of writing prurient imitations of Violet Fane's poetry.

We aim at too much, and lose all. In 1867, we had the old Ball Alley and the Base Ball Grounds near the dummy depot. We had no gymnasium and less than half as many men; but we concentrated our energies and our patriotism was high. We won matches and were admired by other colleges for our pluck and our play. As our means multiplied, our reputation waned. Now as we are cutting off outside amusements the effect becomes apparent in a partial improvement in what we attempt to do.

There is also a lack of unity among the students. A new being seems of late years to have sprung up in college. The Gilded Youth. He is clothed in Rock and Bell's latest. Beal and Inman, of Bond St., London, have the honor of selecting his cravats. Budd, of New York, makes his shirts. Dent, of London, is his glover. Herter, the artist, designed his room. Nobody designed his head, his *blasé* manner, his air that he is "bored." His mild conversations of Philadelphia and Trenton social movements, with anecdotes of how some girl was "fetching" and "rather crummy," and "almost quite too awfully nice by Jove," are his most "cad" like accomplishments. The Brahmin of his college he was only known in Harvard until late years. Now we have him.

In our time, we who had money, lived better than the poor men but it did not affect our social rank. We were bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh. The result was that when we had anything to do we all "took hold together and did it."

Don't understand me as deprecating good attire if a man can afford it. What I deprecate is the making of such possessions and accomplishments an insignia of caste and a cause of separation.

There is too much class feeling. Up to '65, it scarcely existed. It is a poisonous exotic transplanted from Yankee Colleges but carried by us to an absurd extreme. It is a disgrace to Princeton and to the guilty class, if it is true, that members of classes have been known to "black mail" the college by refusing to play unless some favorite is permitted to play in a certain position. And it is also a disgrace when any man on a nine shirks his duty from a condition of things of a similar kind. It is the old story of the clergyman who couldn't preach well but, having twins, was said to have done so much for the infant class. From '67 to '69 every man in college had his own views as to whether Ward of '69 or Buck of '70 was the best man on second base, but I never heard the base suggestion breathed that the will of the ruling powers should not be complied with.

Selfishness is the bane of college sports and it exhibits itself in the way I have mentioned.

Among the few classical recollections which remain to me is the remark of Cæsar, (we didn't spell him with a K then as the manner of some is), about the peddlers having brought in luxuries to affect the warlike spirit of the Gauls. Our danger seems to be in that direction. Our success is in an inverse ratio to the increase of our appliances. The Gods might provide arms but Achilles had to use them.

I am glad you have gone back to the old form of government. Personal responsibility is necessary. Up to and including Van Rensselaer's time in '71 the captain ruled the ball nine with despotic power. The nine generally prospered under his management. Burt, when he rowed Princeton's first race, rowed it with *his* crew. Nicoll rowed his plucky freshmen to victory with a crew of which *he* was the autocrat. Whatever

may be thought of Republican institutions on Washington's birthday or on Borough elections in Princeton, they are all "rot" when applied to College Athletics. We should be frank and face our position. We are estranging the Alumni by the apparent lack of unity and interest in the college on these subjects, and by the want of business judgment and exactness in the conduct of affairs. The eager graduate meets a student and asks him how athletics are prospering. The student senerally hints that it is very doubtful how things will go, because Snooks, who is the only man that can play at a certain base refuses to play unless his classmate Doe is put on the nine. Doe cannot play ball, but Snooks likes him because they both know the same people at home, or smoke the same brand of cigarettes. And so Snooks "bulldozes" the college and "gives it away." Many Alumni have expressed to me their feeling that the trumpet call to victory is continually sounded, yet that all is sacrificed to the goddess of Pique, and that patriotism is dead. As long as such feelings exist Princeton cannot expect contributions to her Athletic coffers, nor self-respecting athletes to expose themselves to the caprice of howling class politicians.

In conclusion, I will add that I believe in muscular christianity and muscular scholarship. I like to hear that a man who attends library meetings with interest, is good at the standing high jump. I can listen with satisfaction to a clergyman whose name I saw last summer in the list of those who scaled Mont Blanc. Princeton cannot rest on her laurels. She must buckle down to good hard athletic work and not think because her means are great, that, with her grand old Scotch and Scotch-Irish blood, of which we are all proud, she can beat without effort the trained sons of New England and New York.

R. E. M.

VOICE OF THE STUDENTS.

THE PRACTICAL ELEMENT IN THE CURRICULUM.

The friends of Princeton may be justly proud of the recent strides that have given her an undisputed position in the van of the educational institutions of their country. Yet mingled with the general exultation over her glorious present and auspicious future, there is among the students a vague feeling that something is still wanting. It is the practical element in her curriculum.

The professed aim of an institution of learning is to fit the student for the attainment of an influential and useful position in life. The only worthy ambition that can animate the youth is to gain that influence and use it for the benefit of his fellow-men. Two things, then, are all essential in his preparation.

First, He must understand human nature: its accessible avenues: its weaknesses and its wants, as exhibited, individually, in the various phases of temperament and disposition, and collectively, in the different grades of society. The student during the formative period of his life is isolated from society. He can have little of that broad, accurate knowledge of men which must come directly or indirectly from experimental contact with the masses. From these insulated associations the average professor is translated more or less directly into a circle that is, perhaps necessarily, even more narrow in its limits and exclusive in its character. The inference from these facts is plain. If there is natural weakness anywhere in the course it is likely to be, not in the theoretical, but in the

practical elements of the instruction: not in the construction of the mental machinery that is to act as the central motive power, but in the more immediate instruments of applying that power to the interests of humanity, the adjustment of the band to the projecting axles of supplementary social appurtenances. This suggests the

Second essential. He must know how to so adapt and apply his acquired powers to move and influence the individual or the community for good. He who, in constructing a mill-pond, would devote all his resources of time, energy and money to the work of affording a smooth and capacious channel of egress for the element of power, will find his labor vain, his object unattained. True he may have a very convenient artificial aquarium—a sort of aquatic paradise for his domestic anseres—or a pleasant bath for his own refreshing immersions and sanitary ablutions; but, after all, it is little better than an unproductive luxury. But let him devote equal care to the facilities for utilizing the accumulated power. Let the flume be carefully guarded, and freed from natural impediments. Let the flood-gate be so adjusted and adapted to the control of the practiced hand that, on the moment, the potential current may be set free. The whole scene changes; the wheels of public enterprise revolve; the din of machinery, the buzz of activity, and the hum of life, a not inharmonious music, becomes the "Grand March" of advancing human interests.

Princeton is second to none in the facilities and advantages which she affords for the accumulation and storage of those head-waters of power, classic lore, book knowledge, and theoretical discipline. But we would qualify the old proverb "Knowledge," *with the ability to use it*, "is power." Why indulge in further circumlocution. Princeton wants an established elocutionary department. She wants in that department a man of national reputation, not a mere professional declaimer, recommended only by his accomplishment in certain superficial arts and studied tricks of intonation and gesture,

but a man who has acquired his reputation by actual contact with and demonstrated power over the masses; power gained by honest, earnest, disinterested labors for the elevation of his fellow men. Elocution is more than an art; it is more than a science. It involves principles and subtilities far beyond the reach of the random criticism of an accent, an attitude, or a gesture. A man from a field of experience so fruitful to a field of labor so comprehensive would soon render this department one of the most important and indispensable in the College.

HEBREW.

Hebrew is taught in many of our colleges. Thorough instruction in this language might be given by Princeton College, one member, at least, of the recently enlarged Faculty being a Hebrew scholar.

The graduate who looks forward to the practice of law or medicine may immediately begin his professional studies. The foundation has been laid in college; the necessary languages have been acquired. With the theologian, it is different. His Alma Mater sends him forth imperfectly furnished; professional studies must be abridged or hurried over that time may be found to learn the rudiments of the Hebrew. Rules of grammar crowd out the "weightier matters of the law." And, moreover, when they should be explaining the principles of the language, the professors are teaching the elements. The seminaries complain of this evil. Prof. Green has remarked that the Hebrew grammar should be mastered before beginning a theological course. To induce applicants for admission to come prepared in Hebrew, several of the seminaries offer prizes. Is it not strange that a college, founded to educate

young men for the ministry, should send forth its graduates more fully prepared to study law and medicine than the word of God?

Students would be readily found. Every year enough graduates enter the neighboring seminary alone to have formed an elective class. Members would not be confined to the future divines. Many desire the language for the sake of general culture and for the aid it would render to their private study of the Bible.

As to general culture it has recommendations in common with Greek and Latin, it is disciplinary; at the same time, its style is superior in simplicity and brevity. But above this, and that which is in itself sufficient to secure faithful study, the Hebrew is a branch of the Semitic family. All our linguistic studies are confined to the Indo-European family. We know nothing of the other; from personal knowledge we cannot point out differences. The Hebrew while opening a new field of research, strange and attractive, and bringing to our view the oldest form of speech, would disclose something of the structure and peculiarities of the languages so different from our own.

Especially is it important to one who wishes to know the truth. Every Bible student who can use the Greek Testament is conscious of a new power. Aided by the connection of particles, he unravels involved sentences. Agreements, persons, numbers, misunderstood by the mere English reader, stand clearly before his mind. The very words are pictures illustrating the truth. The same power he would seek by a knowledge of Hebrew. He desires to have the whole revelation from God in the words in which it was first uttered. He longs for the truth undimmed by translation. Luther understood this when he said, "My knowledge of the Hebrew language is limited, yet I would not barter it for all the treasures of the world."

Not only does a knowledge of Hebrew disclose hidden things of the Old Testament, it also throws light upon the

new. The peculiar use of words, turns of expression, figurative language, are not Greek. They betray the oriental mind of the writer; to explain them requires a knowledge of his native tongue. He, who would have a scholarly understanding of the New Testament Greek, must be versed in the Hebrew.

Without the Hebrew, thorough, satisfactory research is well-nigh impossible. Standard works may be examined, Dr. Kitto or Dr. Smith may be referred to; but on almost every page, and in the midst of important discussions, the student finds the Hebrew characters.

We expect to have increased facilities, next term, for the study of Latin and Greek. The privilege is to be given us of penetrating more deeply into the mine of ancient thought. Would that while we can listen to the words of Homer and Æschylus, of Virgil and Horace, one might also be permitted to hear the nobler strains of Moses and David and Isaiah.

I.

TAKING NOTES.

Whether the present Lecture System is the best that could be adopted is an open question; but it is hardly fair to saddle it with more than its share of blame. The fault lies in a great measure, we think, with the note-takers. There is a large majority of students who either do not attempt to take notes, or else are seized with spasmodic fits of industry, during which periods they transfer to paper a few disconnected gems of thought, which are useless to all practical purposes, and notably so for examinations. To call such transient jottings notes, would be a misnomer. Note-takers proper may be divided into four classes. First, those who take full notes.

Second, those who take good but scanty notes. Third, those who make heroic efforts to take down everything the Professor says, among the results of whose industry, you will scarcely find a completed sentence. Fourth, those who miss every essential, but are sure to have every non-essential point in the lecture. The fault with this latter class is either lack of judgment, or what amounts to the same thing, a parsimonious expenditure of that with which heaven has endowed them. The third class merit a little pity, such as we would bestow on some persevering fanatic in search of perpetual motion. We see that all their attempts will prove abortive, and regret to know that energy enough is being wasted to accomplish all that is necessary. They ought to know that to take a lecture verbatim, would require a short-hand reporter, and that no one would want such notes when taken. There is a subdivision under the second class which deserves notice, namely, the man who never commences a sentence, until he understands its full import; who waits until the predicate shows that something worthy has been affirmed of the subject; then makes himself oblivious to everything else, until he has written it out, thus losing perhaps, the following equally or more important sentence.

The common excuse advanced by the taker of poor notes is slowness; we are convinced that this is not valid, unless slowness is meant as a synonym for laziness. We have in our mind's eye, one who is our antipode in the art of taking notes; his pencil glides along as though bent on the acquisition of Medal A. in Chirography, yet he is the first person to whom we go to patch up our own meagre gleanings.

Two things are requisite to the taking of good notes; attention, and getting the idea in preference to the form of expression. The first is an art which must be acquired in order to insure success in any department of life, and if a college course taught nothing else, it would be worth the time and expense to gain it. In regard to the second; it may

flatter the Professor to give him his own language, but it subjects the student to the charge of parrot repetition ; besides being the course generally pursued, for the purpose of currying favor, by that most miserable of beings, a Grade Devotee.

A Professor does not exact his own shibboleth, except in definitions or the like, which he will or should dictate ; besides, a thought does not really belong to one until he has translated it in his own individual form of expression. This can be done with a little practice, so that every idea in a lecture may be seized.

In this way a person not only learns a great deal of the lecture during its delivery, but when the examinations loom upon him, and he turns to his notes for refuge, they will not fail him, as those of many do, by great gaps in the sense, which he is unable to bridge.

As for those who still labor to gain the Professional idiom, they will fail, as they ever have.

" For still to the Crossing will they hie,
And still the ' Shibboleth ' eager try ;
But will stop in the narrow pass to die,
And go not over the river."

B.

A WORD ABOUT HALL.

A sentiment somewhat opposed to the Halls has arisen in College. Not at present powerful, yet of such a character as to require notice. It comes principally from a class of men who having entered Hall in the early part of their course, have either through lack of interest, or for other reasons best known to themselves seen fit to leave. These men tell us, that " Hall is a bore," " Humbug," " The day for such organizations is past," and make other remarks of similar import. It is not

our purpose, Messrs. Editors, to take up your valuable space in attempting to prove the great advantage of such institutions as our Whig and Cliosophic Societies. Nor is this necessary. They speak for themselves. But we do believe that the "Voice of the Students," the voice of those who have the true interest of these Societies at heart, should not allow such false statements—for false they are—to pass by without rebuke. Nay more, these men are to a certain extent influencing others, and we should see to it that their influence is counteracted. "Hall is a bore" and a "Humbug" and "the day for such organizations is past" for all those who are too lazy to work. We think that the whole secret of the dislike for Hall which these men manifest, is summed up in that one sentence—too lazy to work. If you desire proof of this it is only necessary to ask those who have faithfully and zealously performed "Hall work," as to their opinion of its benefits. You need not do that. Your own experience, if you have rightly used the privileges of Hall, will bear witness to the truth of the assertion, that for every hour of real hard work done in or for Hall, you have been abundantly repaid. Personal observation, limited though it has been, has satisfied us, that our worthy President never spoke a truer word than when on the second day of our College life he told us, "there are no finer institutions of the kind in this or any other country." Now what we need to crush out these germs of discontent in their very incipency, is a thorough, earnest, hearty Hall spirit. We do not mean a miserable partisan feeling for the particular Hall to which you belong, for that is beneath the dignity of the true gentleman. But a broad, catholic desire for the advancement of both the Halls. Let us have some enthusiasm in this matter. Stir up the inactive members of our own Society to a greater appreciation of the benefits which they can receive by simply putting forth the effort. While here at College be not unwilling to boldly gainsay those who speak disparagingly of Hall. When away during vacation, allow no

good opportunity to pass of speaking a word for Hall. Let those in the outside world know, that however true in regard to other Colleges the statement of the *Tribune* "that as Journalism has advanced the Literary Societies have declined," this is not the fact at Princeton. Journalism has indeed advanced, but not at the expense of the Literary Societies. These organizations have for years been the pride and glory of our Alma Mater. We see no cause for fearing that the outlook for the future is any less hopeful than the past. But the responsibility of caring for their interest, of guarding vigilantly that no foes either from without or within undermine their influence or cripple their power, rests to a large extent upon those of us, who are now the active working members. It behooves that we keep well our trust. A.

"THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN."

For a long time we have preserved a discreet silence. We have endured without complaint: we have suffered with patience. Our grief has been inaudible to mortal ears. At length a fellow-martyr, in a recent issue of the *Princetonian*, has given utterance to his woes and opened a crusade too long deferred.

On the 13th of September, eighteen hundred and seventy-six, we, a band of confiding students assembled for the first time around the tables of the "Commons." The proper authorities had announced that here we would be supplied with good food at a reasonable rate, and here accordingly we were gathered together after the well known manner of eagles.

For the first few weeks we dined sumptuously every day. The wine sauce was abundant. The bread-pudding—"peut on la nommer sans blasphème"—possessed the requisite degree of

indigestibility. The beef need only be characterized as Princeton beef. The napkins and table-cloths were renewed at least once a week. The waiters were adorned with swallow-tail coats, and white neckties which lent an air of sanctity to the scene. The head waiter wandered aimlessly around after the most approved manner of his kind. But a change came o'er the spirit of our dream. One by one the swallow tails took to themselves wings. The white neck-ties followed suit. At length our head waiter, the glory of the establishment, packed his valise and left for other fields of duty. But we did not yet complain. Our sorrows were drowned in the wine sauce. Soon this too was banished from our midst and there appeared in its place a compound which has thus far baffled the analytic power of the School of Science. May its secrets perish with it.

The first term ended. At the beginning of the second, the board was raised and the food appeared to undergo a corresponding depression. The potatoes, which before had shown some signs of preparation for the table now appeared in their native garb, and with eyes nearly hidden by their native soil besought us to have mercy upon their wretched condition. The milk was good. Such a *lusus canponis* might be accounted for by the scarcity of water due to the complete evaporation of Lake McCosh. "This idea we scorn." But the beef! It assumed a degree of indestructibility that would have excited our most profound astonishment had it been placed before us merely as a curiosity; but the nature of the circumstances tended to evoke feelings of another sort. Doubts began to be expressed as to its genuineness. Some one conceived the idea that the bulls of Bashan were contributing to our larder. Another hinted that Dr. Schliemann had recently discovered the Trojan horse and shipped it to Princeton where by mistake it was taken to the "Commons" instead of the Museum. Whatever, or however remote may have been the source of our discomfort, it is evident that the hotel authorities were innocent. They did everything in their power to assist us in

the process of mastication. Regularly, twice a week, did they grind up the remains of previous meals, and as regularly did they place before each of us a huge plate of hash! Of the remaining dishes it is needless to speak. The man who will deliberately and with malice aforethought place before a fellow creature a plate of *hash*, is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils.

O ye Trustees, ye friends of the College, ye Presbyterian Divines! Ye whose nostrils scented from afar the seductive odor of the wine sauce, come over into Macedonia and help us! Don't announce your approach. Come unexpectedly. Come like a thief in the night, and learn for yourselves the things whereof we speak! Ye Committee on Morals and Discipline, lend us your aid! Change for awhile your title. Let your watchword be Meals and Diet! *In hoc signo vinces!* Swoop down with your resistless might. And, judging from your former successes we feel assured that our wrongs shall be righted.

LUTHER.

EDITORIAL.

A YEAR HAS now elapsed since the division of labor in Princeton journalism brought the LIT. into its present form. Whatever disadvantages or defects this change may have brought with it, they have certainly been far outweighed by its substantial benefits. In viewing its workings and results since its inauguration we trust **not** to incur the charge of editorial egotism when we say that we cannot but think that the LIT. has made some important advances.

The Literary department especially has exhibited the results of more mature and careful thought. Old, treadmill, class-room compositions, doctored up for second prize essays, no longer find a place in its pages, but fresh productions, embracing a wider range of subjects, and carefully executed with special view to publication. The effect of this has been to enliven and encourage rather than to diminish competition. The two departments of the "Voice" have also flourished encouragingly, although there is yet much to be desired in these, as well as in the Literary department.

In receiving the LIT. at the hands of our worthy predecessors whose untiring efforts have contributed so largely to its prosperity and excellence, we propose simply to carry forward the good work which they have so auspiciously begun. No change is at present needed either in the form or in the aims of the LIT. We shall devote our energies exclusively to the realization of what these as they now are should make it. In our efforts after the attainment of this we rely for aid and encouragement upon the cordial support and active co-opera-

tion of our fellow-students. We cannot too often nor too strongly urge upon you the necessity of frequent contributions. We would have you feel that the Magazine is your representative, and will be very largely whatever you see fit to make it.

We are able to announce to our patrons that through the good offices of the Faculty the LIT. has at length obtained "a local habitation" befitting its august name and character. A commodious room has been fitted up, which enables us to place our exchanges where they will be accessible to all. It is hoped that the privilege thus extended will be duly appreciated, and our good endeavors requited by increased interest manifested toward our work. A sanctum has also been provided, calculated of itself to furnish abundant inspiration. Hereafter, when those pleasant complications arise which are supposed to form part and parcel of an editor's happy round of existence, those interested in our whereabouts and welfare will not be subjected to the inconvenience of waiting and searching in all places, for an irresponsible party whose locus is no where.

Thus equipped and resolved we enter upon the task of maintaining the dignified position which the LIT. has already achieved in college journalism. In our labors we shall endeavor to discriminate properly between mere youthful effervescence and that *true* "spirit of Nineteenth Century progressiveness" for which the former is so largely mistaken. We hope to be able to afford our readers the best articles and items of literary and general interest which the best talent of the college can furnish.

WE HAVE BEEN highly gratified to find the Alumni taking a hearty interest in sustaining their department of the LIT. The promptitude with which they have responded to our call

is truly praiseworthy. There is no reason why this department should not be one of the most pleasing as well as instructive portions of the *LIT.* A thorough appreciation of the needs of the department, and a more general determination to supply them, seems to be all that is necessary.

Last year this department was introduced as an experiment. It has proved a success, and is now we trust, to be a permanent part of our Magazine.

We have full confidence in our Alumni and are encouraged by the interest which they have manifested in this our first issue, to hope that this will increase throughout the year; and just in proportion as this hope is realized will the excellence of the department be improved.

Feeling confident that we will receive the same generous support as our predecessors we predict a bright future for the *Voice of the Alumni*. While our friends are so kindly aiding us by their pens, we would simply call their attention to the fact that very few of their names are found on our subscription list. Why this is so we are unable to explain; but we believe the simple statement of the fact will be sufficient to arouse the patriotism of Alumni, and as a result we may expect our subscription list to be largely increased.

IT IS NOT deemed necessary at this time to descant upon the obligations and responsibilities of those who have been chosen to conduct the *College Magazine*. These are already well understood and appreciated on all hands. A few suggestions as to the duties of the college community in reference to its journals may prove more opportune. The first duty unquestionably is to maintain with unfaltering steadfastness all time-honored traditions. If it has heretofore been customary with some subscribers, and more readers who don't subscribe,

to grumble at the paper as being "heavy" or to pronounce it "antiquated" or to bandy the epithets "flippant" and "frivolous" this must at all hazards be continued. If any man fails to perceive in it the realization of his ideal standard of perfection, his bounden duty, as well as his undoubted prerogative, demands that he exercise the critical function to the fullest extent. He should never lose sight of the maxim that everybody knows how to manage a paper except those who have it in charge. Besides calling the attention of all the editors to the results of his discriminating judgment, it might not be amiss for every such man to display his wisdom by proclaiming the grounds of his dissatisfaction with the paper through the columns of a contemporary. Much good would certainly result to all parties.

We desire here, however, to offer a modest hint which may be still more apposite to this vexed matter. We confess to great hesitation in advancing this theory as the plan it involves is so novel, so contrary to all established precedent, such a wide departure from the path prescribed by immemorial tradition. But it has lain so long festering in our editorial cranium that relief must needs be sought in its utterance. The idea, dear reader, is this: whenever you become overwhelmingly discomforted at the mounful manner in which this patriarchal and uninteresting organ is droning along its dull and prosy way towards the sleep which knows no waking, then be convinced that the glowing sparks of your genial humor are needed to revivify its decaying frame. Sit down straightway and compose an article of genuine sprightliness. Fancy yourself writing for that ideal magazine which you would issue, and your imagination will be prolific under such inspiring stimulus. If any unreasonable person shall cry out against such a flagrant violation of our "weighty character" we will quietly reply that he is not obliged to read what is so distasteful to him.

Or perhaps you yourself, O embodiment of Conservatism, who are so shocked at any witty effusions which threaten to sap our "substantial character," who are so solicitous lest we "sacrifice the solid to the showy"—perhaps even you would deign to enrich our pages with something of becoming gravity and depth. By consulting your dignity and talents and producing what is consistent with them you will surely arrest any wild tendency of ours toward the "frivolous and flippant." We can assure you as well as the other that your noble efforts will be hailed by a band of exhausted and disconsolate editors as nothing short of a god-send; and your apotheosis will be forthcoming from their grateful souls on being rescued from the vain and ruinous pursuit of the alluring phantasms of wit and ostentation.

Thus strengthened and embellished our pages would certainly afford everything that the most fastidious or fanciful could desire; but we would hardly be the proper objects of the savage invectives, and biting sarcasms which would surely be levelled against those who had presided at the mixing of such a disgusting compound of the grave and the gay.

IT HAS BEEN truly said that men should not be left dependent upon those whom they are endeavoring to elevate. America might well profit by this advice. Means of support are not provided for those who are willing to devote their lives to intellectual toil and as a necessary result thorough scholars are rare. Our colleges have to some degree supplied this deficiency by establishing a system of fellowships. Princeton we understand took the lead in this movement and it was certainly a step in the right direction. At present however our outlook in this respect is not very promising. Two of the five fellowships mentioned in the catalogue furnish only a tantaliz-

ing stipend to those who receive them. One of the most valuable, through a poor investment of its funds, has been reduced to a mere name. It is said however that the honor will be conferred without the emolument. Honor may be good but it will never accomplish the object for which the fellowship was established. Another one of equal importance is liable to be discontinued at any time.

Even if it were absolutely certain that the fellowships would continue in the same state as they have existed in the past, still they would be unsatisfactory. The endowment of any one of them is not sufficient to provide an independent support for the short time it lasts. New ones should not only be added but the funds of all should be increased and the tenure granted for a longer time than one year. Those who are entirely dependent upon this source of income find it almost useless to go abroad since they have not sufficient time to take even an imperfect course in any one of the European Universities. The English can certainly teach us a lesson in this respect. They understand the true value of fellowships and allow them to be retained as long as their holders remain unmarried. Conditions should also be imposed upon the Fellows so that the college might be directly benefitted by their labors. At present they are looked upon too much in the light of prizes rather than moneys paid out of the college revenues for which an adequate return should be made. A system should be devised by which the fellowships may be placed upon a permanent and enlarged basis. We believe that the President, who fully appreciates the importance of this department of the College, has in view a plan which he will mature and carry into effect the moment the requisite means are furnished. It is hoped that the friends of the college will see the importance of this question and will immediately come to the rescue of one of the most promising features of Princeton's progress. If original research is desired, if thorough scholars are needed, gifts should no longer be put in wood

and stone. Not till the colleges of the land realize this fact can our intellectual be commensurate with our material progress.

IF ONE THING more than another tended to impress and gratify us during the recent base ball game with Yale, and to awaken a feeling of profoundest admiration and respect for the students of the Colleges represented on the ball ground, it was the betting. We do not wish to convey the impression that this is a thing of unusual occurrence. Far from it. Our attention was attracted not so much by the betting itself as by the extent to which it was carried and the openness with which bets were offered and taken. Such publicity has not been customary. But we are pleased to announce that all restraint (except a rule against betting on the ball ground) has at length been removed and betting has become a necessary accompaniment to all ball matches in Princeton.

To the older graduates of the College who are unacquainted with the rapid advances in athletic sports and morality which Princeton has made during recent years, it may be well to state that the Yale men were not the only ones who staked their money upon the result of the game. A moment's consideration will show the impossibility of such a one-sided transaction. Princeton performed her share with an enthusiasm which redounds with infinite credit to her name; and while we sympathize with the sons of Nassau in their losses, we congratulate them upon the dignity and manliness with which they succeed in investing an occupation usually conceded to horse-jockeys and men of like persuasion.

The parents and friends of the students might indeed have had their moral sensibilities disturbed by a proceeding so foreign to the usual reputation of Princeton as the stronghold

of Presbyterianism ; but it must be remembered that they have had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the recent advances among a certain class of students, or of removing their old prejudices against gambling and similar pursuits.

Betting has been and still is regarded by a certain class of persons as a rather disreputable mode of increasing one's income. Nevertheless this idea seems to be rapidly losing ground. It has fallen to our lot to attend horse-races and similar gatherings where men assemble for amusement or profit, and from the eminent respectability of those who engaged in the species of traffic which took place we were fully convinced of the high standard of moral excellence to which the habit of betting usually leads. Our convictions have been considerably strengthened by recent visits to base ball matches.

Princeton is doubtless about to enter upon a new era. The doctrine of chances will be studied to such good effect as to prevent all losses upon future occasions. A pool-room would be a great convenience to the students. This departure from long established ways would of course encounter violent opposition, but nevertheless the high moral power by which it would be sustained, would certainly insure its success.

WE SEEM to be constantly wavering between the two alternatives of exuberant exaltation in time of victory and woful depression in the hour of defeat. For two years we lived on the "three to nothing" game with Yale; the comparatively poor record at the Columbia sports is met with condemnation of the management and a chorus of "I told you so's" from a crowd of idle critics. This is not the true Athletic Spirit; the first course is demoralizing, the latter discouraging. In order to find some one guilty of our recent failures, it is said that "the College is not to blame, for there is plenty of developed muscle in College. Upon the management the blame falls."

There is in College a large number of do-nothings who stand round and criticise any laudable attempt at practice ; but they have not interest enough themselves even to take their hands out of their pockets in a way to be remembered. The fact is we have too many grumblers and critics, and too few workers. There are men here that complain of the inefficiency of the nine or the fifteen, who have not given a penny to their support, or encouraged them by their presence at a single game.

When we have not the men in College who could have made us win, we must complacently bow to Fortune ; but when we have the men and they prefer aristocratic indolence to toil-won honor, we cannot see that the management is to be blamed for it. All the amount of management possible is not going to win prizes if the men will not work. The Professor of Gymnastics too is completely exonerated in the matter. All will testify that he is ready to advise, assist and direct any that present themselves ; but he cannot drag men into the field.

If the honor of the College, the satisfaction of a good record, and the hope of winning a prize are not sufficient stimulants in these matters, we fear all our developed muscle will remain unappreciated because unknown. What fault there is, is due to a lack of honest enthusiasm and generous loyalty on the part of individual students.

WE CALL ATTENTION to the "Olla-pod's" account of the work which has been in progress about the grounds, and of the proposed strengthening and enlarging of the various courses of study. The fertile brain of our honored President has been actively engaged during the spring in devising methods of beautifying our surroundings. These projected

improvements have, under energetic management, been carried to a very satisfactory state of completion.

The proposal to establish post-graduate courses in the different departments is one that should be carried into execution at the earliest possible date. With the working force which the college already possesses there is no reason why students wishing to pursue special studies after graduation might not do so here with as much advantage as at any college in the land. All that is needed to secure this, with our present facilities, is the opportunity which would be afforded by organized effort. Some sacrifices will be required and discouragements met with at the start, but all obstacles will be overcome with further growth.

But it is the strengthening of the old and fundamental portions of the curriculum that will result in the highest practical good; an additional force of five new professors of unquestioned ability cannot fail to add immensely to the efficiency of the course and to the thoroughness of average Princeton scholarship—a consummation devoutly to be wished. Just here we are constrained to do that inevitable thing—offer a “suggestion.” Princeton College has no Chair of History. True we are not without excellent instruction in that field; but is not the subject of sufficient importance to demand the whole time and energy of at least one professor? Whilst renewed efforts are to be put forth in the sphere of the other fundamental branches, is it wise policy to neglect this one? Does the subject merit such neglect? It is needless here to dilate upon the dignified position which historical science is beginning to assume; but in order to complement the admirable training which we receive in political science, we need the careful study of various important periods, as well as an enlarged philosophical view of the world's history. We feel that other colleges are somewhat in advance of us in this regard and Princeton, with the distinction which so many of her noble sons have achieved in every province of Law and Politics, can ill afford to fall behind in so vital a matter.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

The Olla-Pod has been the subject of much discussion recently, some giving their opinion that great changes must take place before it is what it ought to be. But as is usual with those who are quick to see defects, but slow to see improvements, the necessary alterations were not suggested. Others urge the advisability of abolishing it entirely. After a fair consideration of the subject it has been decided to continue it, in the main, as it was before. We hope that this will not give any great offence to our worthy colleague, the *Princetonian*; at least we would beseech it to deal gently with us, and not with one fell swoop of its editorial pen blot us out of existence.

GYMNASTIC CONTEST.—We are sorry to learn that the graduating class are going to dispense with the usual gymnastic exhibition. It is impossible to conceive the amount of interest which these contests give to the work in the Gymnasium. On the other hand we are glad to see that Mr. Goldie is keeping the men at work in the out door sports. We may hope for better success in our next meeting with Columbia.

"MUSIC IN THE AIR."—Of late the dulcet strain of the Senior has been heard in the land. Their singing as a class is very good, the songs having a tendency in the direction of the Southern plantation melody, rather than college songs. "Old Nassau" is displaced by "Oh, could I stand where Moses stood," and "Eh, Eh, I'll meet you dah." Kim's banjo adds greatly to the general effect and is a delightful accompaniment to Tommy's pathetic solos, while Messrs. Healy and Remsen distinguish themselves in their respective roles of clog and bones. It is proposed to have open air instrumental concerts, but the band stand is not forthcoming, and we shall have to await a more convenient season. We are glad to say that we think the musical interests of the college are decidedly in the ascendancy, and that soon it will have a *variety* show which will in all respects (except one) equal Gilmore's Garden.

The Class in Physical Geography were recently much astonished upon being informed that more than five-fifths of the great Western Plateau of the U. S. is unfit for cultivation.

When a Freshman comes across the Campus at half-past eleven P. M., singing Pull for the Harvest, tries to find the handle of the cannon to get a drink, stumbles into a fellow's room to borrow notes on Matt Goldie, can't find his room

in N. E. (Chapel), puts his water pitcher to bed, and shuts himself outside the door to be filled, we think he is rather — excited.

SCENE IN RECITATION.—Prof.—Now, Mr. H., some people seem to think that the essence of a thing is something very occult. Is this really so?

Junior.—No sir.

Prof.—There is nothing plainer than the essence of plane triangle is there?

Mr. H. said he thought there wasn't.

Class roars, Doctor sees the joke and blushing explains that it was purely accidental, and states that punning as a habit "leads to Pantheism."

We have heard so much of the "young men from Dundee," "Bombay," "Calcutta" and other such places, that with feelings of greatest joy we read of the following young man.

There's a certain young man named G. P.

Who last year obtained an A. B.

He is still at P. C.

An illustrious P. G.

And in three years will be an M. D.

And now the Washington University of St. Louis is at it. It wants to know "what is the difference between a rose and the gas in a manufacturing town.

Ans.—The rose delights olfactories while the gas lights all factories."

We may expect them to have a large fresh class next year.

The rumor that "Pete" boards at the "House of Lords" by special contract is entirely without foundation.

A Junior upon being asked where he intended to spend the coming Summer vacation, replied "upon the Island as usual, I suppose."

N. B. The gentleman comes from Staten Island.

The Rev. Mr. Smith who worked his way through college by teaching during vacations, and who passed through the Seminary with great difficulty, has received a call to a church out west with a salary of \$500 a year, while Mr. Clapp, on account of hard times, has decided to pitch this year for only \$3,000. Gentlemen you have your choice.

Dr. Green of the Seminary and Mr. —, member of the glee club, meet Prof. Lindsey on the Campus.

Dr. G.—Prof. Lindsey allow me to introduce Mr. —.

Prof. L.—Ah! Mr. —, of the Seminary I believe?

Mr. —.—His calm face suffused with roseate blushes, "N-no-no sir, only a sophomore." "Wuh!"

A quasi philosophical Junior of logical, metaphysical tendencies gives the following definition of metaphysics:

"Metaphysics is that science whose laws apply to facts, if they exist, or, if they do not exist they would apply if they did, or in other words, a mass, conglomeration, or stagnation of hypothetical, diabolical inferential paradoxes, which

by virtue of their nonsensicality are essentially useless, having neither substance, per se, nor objects upon which they may "intue" to wit, apply, act or operate."

A young man of the genus "snob," who had gained admittance to the ball field during the game with our Harvard friends, without paying the customary charge, astonished some of the spectators by remarking to one of his companions, "Hey! Mike, aint that big bruiser with the muzzle on some pumpkins on the catch?"

"Now gentlemen," said a Professor, "you see the German mile is equal to about three English miles."

The recitation continued and soon the Professor remarked that during the late war, he and his troop of cavalry had made a march of one hundred miles in one day. Thereupon "Pete," with the look of innocence which becomes him so well, inquired in a drawing tone, "Were they German miles, Professor?"

A farmer from Rocky Hill on his way to Princeton sat demurely smoking his pipe on top of a load of hay. The irons were saved.

Vassar has adopted caps and gowns, the Rugby game, and has decided to admit males. We congratulate them most heartily.

ART.—We are informed that the Drawing class which was started under such favorable auspices and with such enthusiasm on the part of our would-be artists has of late fallen into disrepute. The cause of this sad state of affairs must, we fear, be looked for in the students. The room is still there with the models and materials, and the Professor is at his post ready to give instruction. But most of the students who rushed so eagerly into the class as an experiment have ingloriously left. A few still remain, but the majority are to be seen lying around on the Campus studying the effect of foliage against the sky as a back-ground.

Princeton does not seem to take kindly to Art. There is not that high appreciation of the beautiful, that intuitive sense of the eternal fitness of things, nor that capacity for discerning excellence in the fine arts which we should like to see. This matter has been forcibly called to our attention by the want of appreciation with which the J. O. Invitations were received. These, gotten up regardless of expense in the highest style of modern art, have failed, forsooth, to meet with entire approval from the average student.

The owl at the top of the engraving has by his prominent station attracted universal attention. His air of repose, so natural, so lifelike, is indicative of profound meditation. Whether he is undecided as to which he shall swallow first—Whig or Clio—as he holds them in his mouth, or is reflecting upon the instability of his centre of gravity, is a question which our limited knowledge of Art prevents us from answering, yet it would be obviously unjust to censure an obscurity which may be due to our own ignorance. The personal appearance of the bird has been harshly criticised by some uncultured persons. It is needless to say that the criticism is uncalled for. In our opinion that owl deserves to be regarded as a most glorious triumph of Art over Nature.

The trees represented in the picture have also been made the subjects of disparaging remarks. It is true that one specimen, with a trunk about three inches in diameter, appears in comparison with the cupola of North College to be little short of a thousand feet in height. But what of this? Are we to confine our artists to strict conformity with nature? To give them no play for the fancy or imagination which appears so effectively in the work under consideration? By no means. Did not a famous artist of the old world picture Abraham as sitting at the door of his tent in the cool of the evening smoking a short clay pipe? And another painter of even greater fame represent the children of Israel marching through the wilderness armed with rifles? In view of these precedents let those who are inclined to ridicule remember that they will thus exhibit their own deplorable lack of knowledge.

But perhaps the most abominable ignorance as to Art has been shown by the remarks of certain students in respect to the arrangement at the bottom of the engraving. The artistic grouping of shields, harps, tomahawks, and lightning rods is calculated to produce upon the cultivated mind a remarkably happy effect. And yet these Philistines, with a want of aesthetic taste that would shame a Hot-tentot, have been unable to see the beauty or even the *meaning* of the combination. One man conceived it to be a collection of antique machinery for the College museum. Another supposed it to be a representation of an ancient battle field upon which the vulture (as he called the owl) was about to descend. Others inquired whether a ship-wreck or a boiler explosion had occurred on the spot; and thus it continued until our hearts grew sick at the thought of such woeful ignorance. The only remedy for this state of affairs is the re-establishment of the Art School upon a firmer basis. Let the attendance be made compulsory until each student is at least able to tell the top of his picture from the bottom without marking it. N.

[NOTE.—It is but just to the gentlemen who selected the design for the Invitations to say that somehow or other in the process of engraving the original design became considerably modified. N.]

THE CHANGES TO BE MADE IN THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE NEWLY ELECTED PROFESSORS.—The five new professors will begin their work next September. The Freshman Class will be divided into four divisions as at present, and Professors Orris, Sloane and Rockwell will each give, in their respective departments of Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, an hour a week to each division. This is certainly a needed improvement and places Princeton far in advance of most of the other colleges, where the Freshman Class is instructed entirely by tutors.

In Greek, the Freshman for the rest of the time will be under Prof. Cameron and Tutor Winans. In Sophomore year the work will be equally divided between Professors Cameron and Orris. In Junior year they will each have a select class, to which they will each give instruction two hours a week, and students will be at liberty to choose between them. In Senior year each Professor will have a select class and the students will have a like choice.

In Latin, Prof. Sloane will assist Prof. Packard in teaching the Sophomores, taking especial charge of exercises in Latin Composition.

In Mathematics, Prof. Rockwell, after giving four hours a week to the Freshman in the Academic department, will devote the rest of his time to the Freshman and Sophomore classes of the Scientific School.

In Astronomy, Prof. Young's teaching will be confined to the Senior Year. He will have both an obligatory and a select class.

In Architecture, a regular course has been instituted and Prof. Lindsey will begin his lectures at the opening of next term. Explanatory circulars have been issued which can be obtained on application to the Professor.

Prof. Brackett has so arranged his department that the course in Physics will hereafter be obligatory only in Junior year, with the exception that the next Senior class will be required to complete the course left unfinished this year. The members of the elective class in Senior Year will be at liberty to choose separate departments in Physics, to which they can devote the greater portion of their time, thus enabling them to obtain a more thorough and satisfactory knowledge of the branches pursued.

It is understood that Laboratory work of some form will be required from the select class in Chemistry. But it does not appear that the arrangements have been fully completed.

FELLOWSHIPS.—Since our editorial went to press we understand that the widow of the late Chancellor Green has generously provided for the continuance of the Chancellor Green Fellowship in Mental Science.

In addition to this it is rumored that Princeton College is soon to have ten fellowships. Our only hope is that this may prove true.

BASE BALL.—The following is a summary of games played by our nine up to date.

April 14th, Princeton vs. Athletics, 24—11.

April 23d, Princeton vs. Zephyrs, 20—4.

April 24th, Princeton vs. Athletics, 13—9.

April 30th, Princeton vs. Athletics, 2—5.

May 2d, Princeton vs. Resolutes, 3—4.

May 5th, Princeton vs. Athletics, 2—12.

May 7th, Princeton vs. Resolutes, 11—4.

May 12th, Princeton vs. Mutuals, 6—3.

May 14th, Princeton vs. Alaskas, 5—3.

May 16th, Princeton vs. Chelsea, 5—10.

May 17th, Princeton vs. Enterprise, 15—3.

May 19th, Princeton vs. Harvard, 5—7.

May 21st, Princeton vs. Alaskas, (11 innings), 1—2.

May 22d, Princeton vs. Yale, 4—6.

June 1st, Princeton vs. Orange, 8—2.

June 2d, Princeton vs. Indianapolis, 1—5.

The tour lately made by our nine was the most disastrous in the annals of base ball at Princeton. Owing to the stormy weather which prevailed during the whole time, we were prevented from meeting Amherst and Brown. Two games however were played with Harvard and Yale and we do not care to enlarge upon them here. The melancholy result will be found below.

At Bo ton June 8th—Harvard vs. Princeton.

RUNS SCORED.

Harvard,	3	2	2	0	1	2	6	0	0	—16.
Princeton,	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1.

Base hits—Harvard, 14; Princeton, 5.

Errors—Harvard, 6; Princeton, 25.

Time of Game—Two hours and twenty-five minutes.

Umpire—C. S. Bird.

At New Haven June 9th—Yale vs. Princeton.

RUNS SCORED.

Yale,	2	0	1	1	3	0	0	1	0	—8.
Princeton,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0.

Base hits—Yale, 9; Princeton, 6.

Errors—Yale, 8; Princeton, 20.

Time—1 hour and 45 minutes.

Umpire—Mr. Buel.

WHIG HALL, May 25th, 1877.

WHEREAS: The American Whig Society has heard with deep regret of the death of her graduate member, George F. Ficklen, of the Class of '76, therefore,

Resolved, That by his death Princeton College loses a promising alumnus, and this Society a useful and honored member, who was distinguished both by unusual attainments of mind, and by high qualities of character.

Resolved, That the cordial sympathy of this Society be extended to his bereaved friends, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family.

Resolved, That the Hall be draped with the usual badge of mourning; and that these proceedings be published in the NASSAU LIT., *Princetonian*, and *Fredericksburg News*.

J. B. WARDLAW, Go., }
G. A. PAULL, Pa., } Com.
D. O. IRVING, N. J., }

CLIO HALL, May 31st, '77.

WHEREAS: God in his all-wise providence has called to Himself our late member, Walter N. Rankin, late of the Class of '79;

Be it Resolved, That while we humble ourselves to the will of our Heavenly Father, yet we feel deeply the early loss of an esteemed friend and a faithful Clio.

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to the bereaved family and friends.
Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

C. L. WILLIAMS, }
W. R. WILDER, } Com.
G. C. COMSTOCK, }

BOOK NOTICES.

Questions Awakened by the Bible. By Rev. John Miller, Princeton, N. J. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

No other book of recent publication has caused such a stir among Presbyterian divines, such a furbishing of their long-neglected weapons of spiritual warfare, as the above named volume. Professing as it does to combat several fundamental doctrines not only of the Presbyterian but of almost every christian church, it is calculated to excite profound attention on the part of religious thinkers, and this the more so because of the recognized ability and learning of its author. The questions discussed and answered are three in number:—Are Souls Immortal? Was Christ in Adam? Is God a Trinity? In regard to the first the author attempts to prove that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is neither reasonable, nor warranted by Scripture. He first defines his position—"The whole doctrine that we plead for is, that the soul dies at death. That our souls, if they rest, rest as in John's vision under the altar of our blessed Redeemer; * * that the thousand years that intervene shall be to us as they are to the Lord but as one day; and that He which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus and shall present us with you." After some preliminary remarks he takes up the "reasons in favor of immortality," among them Butler's argument by analogy, and after showing their weakness proceeds to state the positive arguments, the "reasons against the immortality of the soul."

I. That immortality, properly so called, the soul cannot possibly have.

II. Analogy most distinctly teaches that it is the will of our Maker that our mind should perish with the body.

III. That the mortality of the soul makes the simplest eschatology.

IV. That a total replanting of the race, body and soul at once, is the analogy of the cosmos; with the exception that, in this instance of man, there is the metempsychosis across the centuries of a lost but remembered being.

V. To declare that the soul is mortal is the more solemn way to preach salvation to the perishing.

Yet these arguments are chiefly intended to clear the way for the argument which is to follow:—"Scripture is our whole appeal. Our resort to reason is chiefly to show that reason could never solve the difficulty." And to Scripture accordingly he appeals. The proof is based upon the matter contained in the

fourteenth chapter of the Book of Job and the fifteenth of First Corinthians. Abundant collateral evidence is produced from both Old and New Testaments. "The most serious passages against our doctrines," (2 Cor. V, 8, and Phil. I, 23,) are met and answered with the usual skill of the author. Finally, "to anticipate the retort, 'How did the world come so universally to believe the opposite,'" the concluding chapter is devoted to showing that "the Immortality of the Soul is a Relic of Paganism."

The remaining questions are discussed after much the same manner as the first. The reasons for or against are carefully weighed, and, as in the first instance, disputed points are settled by a rigid and searching analysis of the text.

How far the doctrines of this book are correct, it is not our province to discuss. They deserve however a fair and impartial hearing from those who are most competent to pronounce upon their merits or defects.

Anecdotes and Humors of School Life. Edited by Aaron Sheely. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Books of the sort indicated by the above title are, in general, not worth the time required to read nor the space to notice them. This is a happy exception. The number of jokes dating back to Noah's Flood and to the period of creation is the smallest possible. It is decidedly the most judicious compend of pedagogical and schoolboy wit that has fallen under our notice. Nothing more bracing could be prescribed than a few of these anecdotes after dinner. They are related in a pointed and pithy, though somewhat stereotyped fashion. The modest aim of this volume is its best recommendation.

Life of a Scotch Naturalist. By Samuel Smiles. Illustrated: pp. 390. New York: Harper Brothers.

This is a simple story of an earnest life spent in devotion to the cause of science. Thomas Edward, the man whose history is here recorded, was a poor shoemaker from his youth up, and is now. But while laboring for his daily bread from early morn until late at night, he found time during the night to pursue his eager study of Natural History. "How he pursued his love of nature; how he satisfied his thirst for knowledge, in the midst of trials, difficulties, and troubles—not the least of which was that of domestic poverty—is here related." He is an example of what perseverance can accomplish when exercised in the face of every difficulty and disadvantage that can fall to the lot of man. In the eyes of men, his life is a failure; in the eyes of science, a success. He accumulated no immense fortune, he upraised no splendid fame; on the contrary he lived poor, is now poor, and will die poor; but with an unselfish devotion to Natural History, he denied himself many comforts, all pleasures of home and family, and sacrificed all upon the altar of science. It was a noble sacrifice, and by reason of it he stands approved. The book is written in a pleasant, attractive style; the facts are mainly drawn from the life of Edward himself. To all who would desire what is fresh, readable and inspiring, we can honestly recommend this excellent book of Mr. Smiles.

Free Prisoners. A Story of California Life. By Jane W. Bruner. Phila.: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1877.

This book adds another to the already large number of stereotyped love stories which are forced upon the attention of the reading public. It contains the requisite number of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures.

In addition to the customary villain the machinations of a cruel and unnatural mother lend special zest to the tale. The plot is somewhat ingenious. The language is simple but forcible. The descriptions are mediocre. The characters for the most part tell their own story, which they do in a manner peculiarly adapted to bring out the different traits of character which they represent.

The Author seeks to inculcate the principle that all mankind are creatures of fate; that free agency is a fallacy. Considered with reference to its principles, the book is a failure; regarded simply as a story, it is quite a success, and any one who takes it up will find it hard to lay it aside before he reaches the end.

At Swords' Points. A Novel. By P. A. Thomas. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger: Philadelphia.

"At Swords' Points" is a novel for light reading. There is nothing very striking about it. The scenes are laid largely in and about the court-room, and a pleasant feature of the book is the attractive light in which the profession of the law is presented. The fault we find with the book is that the characters seem to know exactly what to do and to say, so as to have the story end correctly. They begin to focalize from the beginning and every one seems to know what is coming; this enables them to make such remarks as will evoke very appropriate replies. The characters seem to be measured as if with a tape-line, and display just enough variety to be monotonous. Much of the portrayal of character is done by adjectives and phrases. When a character is described as surpassingly witty, cynical, or eloquent, we naturally expect some of these qualities to be displayed in the recorded conversations of such an individual. But here we find no such thing; and the absence of it not only detracts from the interest of the story but seems to indicate a lack of force in the writer.

The ending is no exception to the ordinary novel, where the best man marries the best woman, the villain is hung and the mediocre man with moderate principles enjoys tolerable success and a small modicum of public respect. The story is well presented, and what interest there is, remains to the end.

EXCHANGES.

We take our seat in the Editorial chair and grasp our predecessor's quill; we gaze about the Sanctum and view our Editorial Surroundings. Our friends are on the table before us; and we look at them with pleasure and the hope that we may do them justice. The above is mostly metaphorical;—we have no sanctum,—no quill,—no surroundings; but we shall try, nevertheless, to be fair and courteous in what we may say of our contemporaries, and trust that all will be received in the spirit in which it is offered.

It is noticeable that almost every editor writing exchanges for the first time, dives for the *Vassar Miscellany* or the *Packer Quarterly*, and devotes a page or two to his "fair contemporaries," or "the dear girls," (depending somewhat upon the Editor); but the perversity of a cruel fate or that of certain individuals equally unfair, has deprived us of the pleasure of thus introducing ourselves. We are easily consoled however by the brilliancy or comicality of our other exchanges;—and we don't suppose *they* are much after all.

The Hamilton Literary Monthly seems to us very pleasant reading. Its Literary articles are well written and interesting; especially the essay on "Womanhood as delineated in Milton and Shakespeare." We would, however, hardly class Ida Lewis among the heroines of the world. Obligations are acknowledged to Prof. Frink, who, if we mistake not, trained up the winners in the N. Y. Oratorical Contests, and whose influence doubtless is instrumental in making the *Monthly* what it is.

It betokens great interest and enterprise in the Dartmouth students to publish every week such a paper as theirs. Its Literary department is always readable, its Editorials pertinent, and its exchanges fair. It may be interesting to note some of the records made at the Athletic Sports, to be borne in mind on the 18th of June. The Half mile was won in $2:12\frac{3}{4}$, and the Quarter in $56\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. It is not mentioned whether the standing long jump of 10 ft. $10\frac{1}{4}$ in. was made in stocking feet or up hill. The best professional record at Philadelphia was 10 ft. 5 in.

The *Williams Athenæum* has a very neat appearance, but its matter lacks vitality. It reminds one of the Saratoga hotel life, where one waits on the piazza for something to occur and nothing occurs.

The entries at the Harvard Athletic Sports, as reported in the *Advocate*, are largely from the under-graduates. No very good records were made.

The variety and originality of the *Brunonian* are refreshing and delightful. It has—the New-England expression is, it runs to Exchanges. Its appreciation of the LIT. is very gratifying;—indeed we are of the opinion that to most people, appreciation from any quarter is gratifying and acceptable. The *Brunonian* we say appreciates, but it is dazzled. Thinking it has discovered the secret of the LIT's immortality, that its own glory may not be as evanescent as it has promised, it has introduced a new department—the VOICE OF THE STUDENTS—into its pages.

The *Cornell Era* in a rapid review of the characteristics of the various colleges, says: "Princeton is noted for its blue-blooded Presbyterianism and cod-fish aristocracy;" and with praiseworthy modesty, "Cornell for its progressiveness." We mean it in no spirit of retaliation when we say the progress of the *Era* may best be compared to that of a worm, which crawls by getting its back up.

The *Forest and Stream* has a good point in its "Calendar of Events" for the coming week.

We have had a disappointment. When a paper is noticed by nearly every Exchange Editor in his first effort, even though the notices are more condemnatory than otherwise, we come to one of two conclusions; (a), that it is a girl's paper or, (b), that it's good for something. We read the *Niagara Index* nearly through under the first impression, and a more illiterate, childish, and illegible sheet we have never seen. But when we began to surmise that we were wrong in our calculations, we tossed it away (mild term), indulging the hope that we should not be so unfortunate as to see it again.

The *Oberlin Review*, of which a friend asks "why we exchange with religious periodicals,"—has an article on "Old Maids" by a (presumably) youthful aspirant. The rest of the sheet is filled up with a patent score-card for oratorical contests, and a long sigh over the immorality of Harvard, compared with the spotless purity of the virtuous town and school of Oberlin.

The *Acta* announces the establishment of a new paper. It is to be "semi-monthly and newsy." Far from interfering with the *Acta*, we believe some of the Editors will serve on both. We hope the new paper will be as great a success as the present one, and we will take pleasure in exchanging with the "*Columbia Spectator*."

There are some who, doubtless from motives of the purest kindness, would be glad to see the LIT. in its grave. The *Brunonian* cannot penetrate the profundity of the Literary articles, and the *Yale Record* is frightened by their length. On the other hand the Harvard *Crimson* in speaking of the brevity of the Hamilton *Monthly's* articles, says: "Although in a College paper long articles are insufferable, the case of a magazine is different." We think many fail to appreciate that the LIT. is no newspaper, but an exponent of the literary tone of the place. In this capacity, after consulting its physicians, the LIT. has decided to stay a while longer.

PERSONAL.

'49, Basil L. Gildersleave, of John Hopkins University, will deliver the annual address before the Literary Societies on June 20.

'51, Rev. S. H. Kellogg, Pastor 3d Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

'58, Rev. C. E. Hart, preached here on June 3d.

'60, J. Koontz, teaching school in Pittsburg, Pa.

'61, Rev. J. DeWitt, judge in the J. O. Exhibition.

'69, W. S. Stiles, recently installed Pastor 2d Pres. Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

'70, Gummere, in town on the 19th ult.

'70, Patterson, at the game with Yale.

'72, H. N. Van Dyke, the leopard who changeth not his spots.

'73, Van Rensselaer, the leopard who will.

'73, H. J. Van Dyke, Jr., will sail for Scotland on the 16th.

'74, A. Marquand, will sail with him.

'74, Groesbeck, going to summer abroad.

'74, S. J. McPherson, Master's Oration.

'74, S. M. Coothers, preaching at Eureka College.

'74, J. G. Kaye, Assistant Pastor of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church, Baltimore, Md.

'74, W. D. Nicholas, going to Europe.

'76, Robert D. Wilson has obtained the \$100 prize, for Exegesis, over thirty competitors at Alleghany.

'76, Denny, studying law in the University of Virginia.

'76, L. G. Walker, an editor in Rodgersville, Tenn.

'76, V. Beach, teaching in Bellefonte.

The following gentlemen were present at one or both of the recent College matches: '75, Wylley, '76, Bonner, Dunning, Hageman, Henry, Jenkins, Parker, Patterson, Russell, Scudder and Turnure.

'77, Roberts, selling out, 36 N.

'78, Macfarland, at the University of Virginia.

'78, J. G. Henry sails for England on the 13th and W. M. Matthews on the 16th.